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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 22, 1968 \$0.75 (10¢)

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BILL RUSSELL



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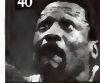
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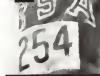
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8091. Includes 'The Long Walk'.



8092. Also: 'The Long Walk'.



8093. Also: 'The Long Walk'.



8094. Program taken from Repowitz's TV show.



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1444. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.



1445. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.
1446. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.
1447. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.



1448. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.
1449. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.
1450. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.



1451. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.
1452. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.
1453. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.



1454. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.
1455. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.
1456. The 5th Dimension, by The 5th Dimension, 10 in 10.

RAY CONNIFF and the Supers HONEY 10 in 10	GENE PITNEY Ray & the Supers 10 in 10	CABARET The 10 in 10 10 in 10	THE 5th DIMENSION The 10 in 10 10 in 10
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She'll fight to the end for Maple Walnut.



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Because there's a new breed of social critic around today who thinks that it is wasteful to have so many different brands of the very same product on the market.

Chances are, they'd think that Howard Johnson's 28 flavors of ice cream is about 20 flavors too many.

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BOOKTALK

J. Henry Waugh's make-believe ball team stands No. 1 in the hot stove league

Certainly the best time to read a book about baseball is right now—in the quiet of early winter, with a fire in the fireplace and the ballplayers off managing their restaurants, their organ combos and their nightclubs. For this reason Robert Coover's *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., J. Henry Waugh, Prop.* (Random House, New York, \$4.95) should not have been introduced last summer at all.

For one thing, *The Association* takes quite a bit of reading, done properly it could consume a couple of winter weekends. When the novel appeared last summer—with real, live baseball going on all around—it encountered a definite wave of mild indifference. Critics and book reviewers liked it all right, but most of them found it pretty heavy going. No wonder. What Random House (probably) and Coover (surely) must realize now is that the critics had one eye on the book and the other on McLain or Gibson. And while Coover did not exactly strike

out, he sure didn't knock this one right out of the literary ballpark.

There is still time to correct the error. Coover has a crazy story to tell, with a nice simple plot, full of the sort of inside baseball black humor that fans and nonfans alike could love. In brief, it is the tale of a lonely man, a 55-year-old accountant, J. Henry Waugh. He invents a baseball game, a supergame, with teams, leagues, heroes and bums, with promising rookies, crusty managers, form sheets, laws of probability—everything. The game moves by the roll of dice. And Waugh plays it with single-minded dedication until, finally, the game begins to play *him*. Anyone who has ever played Monopoly, holding something like Marvin Gardens against the world, can understand the fascination of watching dice roll.

Unfortunately, pretentious reviewers read more into the book than is actually there. By inventing the baseball game, by manipulating its players, Coover's hero is really playing God, see? And his collapse into madness represents the collapse inherent in all of us, see?

Nonsense. J. Henry Waugh plays his game because he likes it better than he likes real live people; his game is populated by great,

lovable characters with good solid baseball names like Rag Rooney and Hattrick Hines, all of whom have a lot more fun than anyone Henry knows on the outside. A God-substitute would hardly stage what has to be the funniest sex scene in modern literature.

all played out in familiar oldtime baseball terms that somehow never sounded badly before.

In Coover's book everybody goes slightly daffy at the end (just as they do at the end of any normal baseball season), after Waugh is forced to kill off his star rookie pitcher with a prophetic roll of the dice that controls the game. So much for God-like acts: Waugh's chat says that if you roll three ones on the dice that means the guy must die, right? Right. Waugh kills his man, goes right out and gets drunk, as any self-respecting league owner might do; then, after a suitable period of hang-over mourning, he goes right back to the game.

That's it, baseball fans. A book so full of inner baseball knowledge and humor that it sparkles. Not a book for summer, when one would be distracted by real players doing real things out there. But a book for winter, to be read sitting by a hot stove.

—BOB OTTUM

Vista will send 6000 volunteers to one country this year.

Nations all over the globe have serious problems. But here in America, we have some urgent problems of our own:

30 million Americans live in poverty.

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Oldsmobile Toronado



Plymouth Fury 3



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Rolls Royce Silver Shadow



Thunderbird Landau

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think Enco, get Extra.
Enco. Where you get all the extras.



Humble Oil
& Refining
Company

SHOPWALK

Hey, there, duffer! You too can join a golf tour, just like Annie and Jack

So-called "golf tours" for amateurs are, for the most part, little more than come-ons (or, more accurately, come-on-downs) designed by travel agents to lure duffers to one or another resort hotel. They are offered as package deals with hotel and travel charges included, but the bargain-basement gift wrappings often conceal a thick padding of extra charges for tips, greens fees and who knows what.

Mr. J. D. (Drury) Howard has a different idea of what a golf tour should be. He believes it should concern itself with golf. "I got the idea," says Drury, "when I suddenly realized that there are thousands of golfers with, say, a 15 handicap who never get to play tournament golf at all and certainly never know what it is to join the pro tour."

As president of an organization called World Golf Ltd., Howard is offering the duffers of this world a series of golf tours patterned on the pro tours and played in accordance with the USGA tournament regulations, with the overall winners to receive trophies, awards and prizes.

In this, the first year of its program, World Golf Ltd. offered a Caribbean Amateur Classic that played courses in Miami; West End, Grand Bahama; and Montego Bay, Jamaica. This was followed early this month by the Grand Bahama Invitational, featuring five of the island's most challenging courses and costing \$390, including airfare from Miami to the Bahamas.

Next will come the South American Amateur Invitational (Feb. 1-March 2, 1969) for \$2,266 from Miami, which will take the golfer to courses in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Bogotá, Caracas and Panama. There is a special lower fee for nongolfers (meaning wives) who may want to go along.

By far the most exciting tour promises to be the First Annual World Invitational Amateur Golf Tournament. This will not be available until the summer of 1970. The tour has been set up for 148 accomplished amateurs, who are to be recommended by their country-club pros. The lucky 148 will play 10 courses beginning at the Grand Bahama Country Club, then on to Pebble Beach, Calif.; Kapaemali, Maui, Hawaii; Kawana, Japan; New Delhi; Rome; Paris; St. Andrews, Scotland; Madrid, and Colorado, P.R. Total cost: \$5,500.

Applications may be requested by mail from World Golf Ltd., 158 Port Road, Port of Palm Beach, Riviera Beach, Fla. 33404. Handicaps must be certified by the golfer's country-club pro. Golfers who may already be clusching their clubs (limited to 14) may call Maritz Travel in Detroit (313-547-1600) for immediate information.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

Season's Greeters

FROM
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America's Sweet-tart



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Squirt 'n vodka (a screwball!)



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Johnnie Walker Red, world's best selling Scotch
(Because it's so smooth)



HIGHEST

MAY 1880

1815 1885

GLASGOW 1887

1891

1891

AWARDS

DUNEDIN 1890

JAMAICA 1891

KIMBERLEY 1892

BRISBANE 1897



SCORECARD

INTERIOR MOTIVES

Conservationists can find little immediate reason to be encouraged by the appointment of Walter Hickel as Secretary of the Interior. Most of the men who had been mentioned as prospects for the post had had some association with efforts to conserve the open spaces that have helped make and keep America an open society. Mr. Hickel's major interest in American land so far has been that of a real-estate developer, a builder of subdivisions.

"Mr. Hickel is a very strong personality," says Robert Weeden, president of the Alaska Conservation Society. "and he could be a very effective voice for conservation if he wanted to be. However, if a conflict arose between conservation and economic interests, I think he would definitely favor the economic interest. On the local scene, for example, he was an active proponent of Rampart Dam."

However, it may well be that Mr. Hickel has an abiding love for the unsporting kind of land—Alaska, in his case—in which a penniless young man, such as he once was, can discover himself. The Senate, before it confirms Mr. Hickel's appointment, will presumably want to be assured that he does have such a feeling and intends to act upon it.

IMPROVES WITH AGE

Strat-O-Mate Pro Football, a new board game, is available to Christmas-shopping followers of either professional league. The NFL set costs \$11, the AFL set \$7.50.

EVEN THE LOWLIEST

In the "Dogs and Other Pets" ads in *The New York Times* last week, there were the following seasonal offers: "Colle Pups AKC, Ready for Christmas"; "English Springer Spaniel Pups, Just in Time for Christmas"; "German Shepherd Puppies, Reserve Now for Xmas"; "Labrador Retrievers, Will Hold Until Christmas"; "For a wonderful Christ-

mas gift, buy your child something extraordinary, buy a Hungarian Puli, the most lovable and intelligent dog you can buy"—and, finally, right down at the end, "donkey—Animal of Christmas. Dear little donkey, all shaggy and brown. 201-879-5806."

The donkey's name, we have learned, is Napoleon. He is 8 years old, 36 inches high and a full-blooded Sicilian, lives in Chester, N.J., loves children, requires only a windbreak by way of shelter, eats a bale of good timothy a week and is for sale for about \$500.

TEAMS PLAYER

Oakland Oaks Coach Alex Hannum has confirmed speculation that the American Basketball Association as a whole will try to buy Lew Alcindor when he graduates from UCLA.

"I've talked informally to most interested parties in the league and I think we're willing to pool resources for Lew," said Hannum. "We can raise the millions with deferred payments, annuities and insurance policies."

But how will Lew know which basket to shoot for?

GOLF PEACE

The dancing girls won. That is the result, at long last, of the tiring intramural squabble between the PGA and the touring golf pros. The players are the dancing girls, of course, from the remark by one of them during the heat of battle: "They've got the stage hands but we've got the dancing girls, so who do you want to pay to see?"

Peace came to professional golf when the PGA gave the touring players what they've been wanting all along—the authority to run their own business within the IGA. When swarms of tour sponsors flocked to the side of the players in the dispute, it was inevitable that the PGA would have to give in or else lose all connection with the glamorous part of the sport.

At one point in the dispute a lot of

club pros said, well, by gum, they just wouldn't stock their shops with equipment autographed by the stars. The tour celebrities laughed. "Can you imagine," said one, "what an influential member would say to a pro who wouldn't sell him any Arnold Palmer irons? There'd be a new pro the next day."

The tour will now be run by a 10-man board, consisting of four players, three PGA officials and three businessmen chosen by the players. Two of the businessmen are George H. Love, president of Laurel Valley Golf Club (Arnold Palmer's club), and John Marchison, who took part in a recent business venture with Palmer.

ATTA TANGENT, WILLIE!

Dr. Seville Chapman, of the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory in Buffalo, has demonstrated that it is scientifically feasible, after all, for an outfielder to judge a fly ball.

In a recent issue of the *Journal of Applied Physics* Dr. Chapman takes issue



with Dr. Vannevar Bush, who in his book *Science Is Not Enough* writes. "Willie Mays, at the crack of the bat, will take a brief look at the flight of the ball, run without looking back, be at exactly the right spot at the right time, and take the ball over his shoulder. . . . How he does it no one knows, certainly not Willie Mays. Nor could a whole team of physicists and psychologists tell him."

Chapman says he can tell him. "The fielder has played this game many times and has a good memory of fly-ball experiences," he points out. "He knows

continued

what a long hit sounds like. His sensory elements are well coupled to his built-in computer, developed by the good Lord over the millennia. . . . The question is, what information must the fielder sense in order to know where the ball is going?"

Well, we will not attempt to reproduce Dr. Chapman's formulae, since we hate to see proofreaders cry. Suffice it to say that Mays, or any other seasoned ball hawk, can tell whether or not he is already in the right place to catch a fly ball, because if he is, says Chapman, "the tangent of the [ball's] elevation angle increases uniformly with time." And if he is not, he "will arrive at the right place at the right time . . . if he runs at the only constant velocity for which the rate of change of tangent of the elevation angle of the ball and the bearing angle of the ball both remain constant."

Got it? If you have, let's hear you holler something.

LIFE FOLLOWS ART

After denying for years that it is one, while functioning as one of the most formidable ones in the country, the National Rifle Association has now registered with Congress as a lobby.

KEEPING ONE'S HEAD

Early this season Larry Csonka, the Miami Dolphins' 235-pound rookie fullback, suffered two brain concussions from being kicked in the temple. As a result, he had severe headaches and double vision and couldn't keep his balance when he tried to cut. It appeared that the Dolphins' No. 1 draft choice might never play again. But his health returned, and to preserve it the Dolphins got him a crash helmet. They had John T. Riddell, Inc., a sporting-goods company, fashion a special headgear that contained eight sponge-backed air cells at points where Csonka most needed protection. Before game time Csonka inflates each cell individually to conform to the shape of his head. Thus adjusted, the helmet fits so tightly it can't be knocked off, and it absorbs impact amazingly. "Before I got the new helmet," Csonka says, "I would put my head down to spear and feel the shock all the way to my legs. Now I feel no shock whatsoever, not even in my head."

The Dolphins say they are going to order 40 of the helmets for next season, and Riddell is working on an improved

model for mass production. It will be rounder on the sides than the currently accepted models, and will contain not only the air cells but also, like the helmet developed by Gatorade Inventor Dr. Robert Cade (SI, July 1), liquid-filled cells. As impact forces the skull toward the shell of the helmet the head will first deflate the air cells, then flatten the hydraulic ones before reaching the sponge. When a man has a helmet like that, there is not much point in kicking him in the head at all.

STRAIGHTFORWARD JIDE

The recent Oscar Bonavena-Joe Frazier fight in Philadelphia produced nothing but losses. Lou Lucchese, the nervy little promoter, put together a good show but took a \$100,000 bath. Bonavena lost the fight and had his hotel room burglarized. And although Frazier won a 15-round decision, he left the impression that, despite 19 knockouts in 22 fights, he really can't punch.

That last conclusion is nonsense. Frazier is a two-fisted, hard-hitting fighter whose heavy handwork was reflected in Bonavena's lopsided face. What the Bonavena fight did reveal was Frazier's lack of expertise. Frazier won by pressure—moving in constantly and punching nonstop. "He out-indomitable everyone," remarked a fight manager recently, and indeed Frazier may be the most determined, most competitive heavyweight ever. He is certainly the busiest.

This is at once his strength and his great weakness. He is so intent on getting the job done and so hard to deflect from his purpose that he is predictable. He moves in and out in a straight line. He is willing to take too many punches in order to land his own. In his last three fights he has been more impatient than ever. Rather than slip punches and move in behind the jab, or even try crudely to set up his opponents, he simply marches in and seeks it to them. Bonavena kept his hands glued to his face and Frazier could not open him up. He traded change-of-pace punches and uppercuts and, finally, taunts: "Come on, Oscar, mix it. Mix it, Oscar. Punch, Oscar, punch." But Oscar knew better. "I was out there smoking," said Frazier ruefully, "but Oscar wouldn't fall."

"Beautiful," exclaimed Angelo Dundee, manager of WBA champion Jimmy Ellis, after watching the fight. "One of these days Joe Frazier will smoke him-

self to death. As everybody could see, a smart veteran who can punch can pick Joe Frazier apart. And I've got the man to do the job—Jimmy Ellis."

When? Not likely before the fall of 1969.

SQUARE AND HAIRY

The anthracite-in-sports movement shows signs of fading. Not only is virtually every rumored candidate for commissioner of baseball considerably shaggier than General Eckert, but Yankee Manager Ralph Houk—formerly a major in the Army—recently made a statement on hairiness that might have been a Beatie's or Joe Namath's. "Sometimes I think we're getting a little too square about all this. All I know is every time I see a picture of one of my grandfathers or great-grandfathers, they all had hair coming down their back, and long beards, and they were pretty good guys."

Furthermore, Oregon Freshman Basketball Coach Frank Arnold, who had ordered his black players to stop letting their hair do what comes naturally, backed down last week—admitting the decree had been rooted in fuzzy thinking. "It is now clear to me that my requests for personal grooming were based upon my personal tastes," he said. Arnold's change of heart came after black students protested to Acting University President Charles Johnson, who ruled that haircuts have nothing to do with a student's right to participate in sports.

Judging from some of his photographs, by the way, James Naismith, the father of basketball, wore what might well be called a "natural" mustache.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Callahan, sports information director at the University of Missouri: "I used to have the worst time remembering names. Then I took that Sam Carnegie course and I've been all right ever since."

• Paul Maguire, Buffalo punter, after averaging 45 yards on 11 kicks in the Astrodome: "I think I got a little more distance in the second and fourth quarters when I had the air conditioning to my back."

• Larry Smith, Florida's bashful 6' 4", 220-pound fullback, at an All-Star gathering when a scantily clad Playboy Club bunny-hostess sat down next to him and asked if he was having a good time: "Yes, ma'am."

END

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

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COUNTDOWN TO A TITLE

Minnesota clinched the Central Division and now the playoffs begin—Vikings vs. Colts, Cowboys vs. Browns. The winners, probably the Colts and Cowboys, then meet to decide the NFL championship **by TEX MAULE**

The Minnesota Vikings, playing with one ear cocked for reports from Chicago's Wrigley Field, won the Central Division championship of the National Football League with a workmanlike 24-17 victory over the Philadelphia Eagles at Franklin Field. The Green Bay Packers made the victory worthwhile by edging the Chicago Bears, with whom the Vikings had been tied for the division lead, hanging on while the Bears rallied desperately for 17 points in the fourth period to bring the score to 28-27.

Bill McGrane, the publicity director of the Vikings, established an open telephone to Green Bay Publicity Director Chuck Lane in the Wrigley Field press box and relayed the progress of the Packer-Bear game to the Viking coaches on the field. The Vikings, tied 7-7 at halftime, heard that Green Bay was leading Chicago 7-3 and returned to the field with fresh vigor. Early in the second half the violent Viking tacklers jarred the ball loose from the Eagles' Tom Woodesback, and Linebacker Walby Hilgenberg recovered on the Philadelphia 40. The Viking offense, which had sputtered much of the first half, came to life with visions of Super Bowl dancing in their heads and converted the fumble into a touchdown in just five plays, giving them a lead they held for the rest of the game.

The scoring play was a 30-yard pass to End Gene Washington, who leaned out of the end zone, keeping his toes in

bounds, to catch the ball behind Alvin Haymond, the Eagle defender, who had eased up on the play, thinking the ball was overthrown. Haymond protested so vigorously he was ejected.

For the rest of the game the Vikings contained the Eagles by virtue of the play of their front four, a group of angry men who rank among the best in the league. The Eagles got one more touchdown following a fumble recovery on the Viking 12-yard line, but the Vikings were never seriously threatened, despite the closeness of the score.

For the Bears, theirs was a bitter loss, one that had most of the team in tears after the game. They trailed Green Bay 28-10 as the fourth period began, but when Ronnie Bull slammed eight yards through the heart of the Packer defense to score, the Bears caught fire. They stopped Green Bay cold and got close enough to let Mac Percival kick a 26-yard field goal. That made it 28-20.

Again the aroused Bear defenders, led by Linebackers Dick Butkus and Doug Buffone, slammed the Green Bay offense back, and this time Concannon, firing one of his few accurate passes of the afternoon, hit End Dick Gordon on a deep crossing pattern behind Packer defender Doug Hart. Gordon sped 51 yards for a touchdown, which made the score 28-27 with 3:58 to go. Plenty of time.

Once more the Bear defense stopped Green Bay, and Chicago got the ball on its own 46-yard line with 2:36 left to win the Central Division title. They man-

aged one first down, almost close enough for a field goal, but Ray Nitschke shut off their title drive with an interception, and that was it.

In Philadelphia, the Vikings listened to the end of the game in their dressing room, where Joe Kapp led the cheering for the Packers. At one point, as the Packers surged, Joe said, "Be Santa Claus, Packers, make us a present."

That the Packers did, but it is unlikely that the Vikings will be able to celebrate beyond this Sunday when they go to Baltimore for the Western Conference championship. The Colts are too strong for the courageous Vikings, both on offense and defense. Minnesota can stop the run but it is vulnerable to the pass, and Baltimore is the best-balanced club in football, able to run or pass and just as able to defend against either. The contest in Baltimore should go to the Colts in a canter.

The Eastern Conference championship game between the Dallas Cowboys and the Cleveland Browns in Cleveland's vast and often frigid Municipal Stadium figures to be a much closer contest than the mismatch in Baltimore.

The Browns, after a shaky start under their experienced quarterback, Frank Ryan, ripped impressively through the latter part of their schedule with young

continued

Vikings' Quarterback Joe Kapp (top) and Fullback Bill Brown have the unenviable job of trying to move against the Colts' defense.





Bill Nelsen doing the signal-calling and Leroy Kelly proving that he has no less running power—and even more speed—than Jim Brown.

The Cowboys began fast, slacked off a bit in midseason, then turned it on to clinch the championship of the somewhat punchless Capitol Division with two games left to play.

Last year, in the conference championship game in Dallas between the same teams, the Cowboys cameled to a 52-14 victory. Much of the Cowboy explosion was provided by Bob Hayes, who set up two touchdowns on punt returns of 64 and 68 yards and caught an 86-yard touchdown pass from Don Meredith. The Dallas defense did the rest.

Hayes is back and the defense is intact and the Cowboys should win again, although it will not be nearly so easy. Last year the Cowboys ranked sixth in the league in total defense and first against the rush; the Browns, on the other hand, leaked for 4,666 yards, most of that total being given up to opponents' aerial attacks. So the Brown weakness—pass defense—was pitted against the Cowboy strength, and the Cowboy strength—defense against the run—nullified the strongpoint of the Cleveland offense. This year, during the disorganized early weeks, the Browns lost to Dallas again but the team the Cowboys will face Sunday bears small resemblance to last year's losers or to the stumbling club they defeated 28-7 in their second game this season.

Aside from the obvious lift given the offense by the performance of Nelsen at quarterback, the change in Cleveland fortunes stems from a dramatically improved defense. Blanton Collier, the mild man who coaches the Browns with insight and intelligence, made sweeping revisions and now the Brown defense ranks among the best in the league. Significantly, the biggest improvement has come against passing. The Browns lead the league in interceptions (with 32) and have allowed fewer than half the passes thrown against them to be completed. In 1967 they intercepted only 22

passes, and opponents completed a thumping 55.1% of their attempts (in the playoff Meredith completed 10 of his 12 passes against them for 212 yards and two touchdowns).

The Browns' offense is, surprisingly, better balanced than that of the Cowboys. Paul Warfield has had an excep-

tional year as a wide receiver, and Gary Collins, out most of the time with an injury, will be back for this game. Collins and Warfield are backed up by ageless Tommy McDonald, who is at his best in big games, and the Brown air attack is considerably sharpened by Milt Morin, a grant of a tight end with enough

continued



Cleveland's threat to Dallas supremacy is powerful running attack led by Leroy Kelly.

The impressive, veteran Cowboy defense is strengthened by alert rookie Larry Cole (#32).



speed to be used on deep patterns.

With Kelly and Ernie Green, who is back from an injury that sidelined him for a good deal of the campaign, the Browns mount the best running attack around. Kelly, not as big as Jim Brown, has duplicated Brown's ground-gaining feats since taking over from the ex-All Pro. He brings a small plus to the Cleveland attack: he blocks, which makes Green a better ballcarrier and provides Nelsen with more protection.

The Cleveland offensive line gives Nelsen ample time to throw, and it is helped by Kelly and Green picking up blitzes (opposing defenses have deposited the Cleveland quarterback on the seat of his pants only 28 times this year). But its sternest test to date will be furnished by the rush of the Cowboy line and linebackers. The Dallas defenders, led by Bob Lilly and Jethro Pugh, have sacked opposition quarterbacks 51 times during 1968, the high for the league.

The Dallas ground attack has nothing to match the explosive threat of Kelly, but the Cowboys have gained about as much yardage rushing as Cleveland. Don Perkins, their rather small fullback, is a determined, stubborn runner with quickness but something less than Kelly's top speed. He, too, is an exemplary blocker and he helps to make holes for Craig Baynham, who replaced the injured Dan Reeves at the other running-back spot. Baynham is a steady, strong runner but he is not the kind of game-breaker Reeves was. The loss of Reeves deprived the Cowboys of their strongest weapon inside an opponent's 20-yard line.

The Dallas passing game is devastating, although it, too, has suffered a trifle this year from the absence of Reeves, a former college quarterback who was probably the best halfback in the league at throwing the option pass. Meredith has come up with his usual assortment of contusions this season, but even so he has had the best year of his career. In Hayes and Lance Rentzel he has the fastest pair of wide receivers in football. The Cowboys probably will not demolish the Cleveland pass defense but they will certainly puncture it.

In backup strength the teams are about equal. Ryan, who was benched in the third game of the season, is still one of the most accurate long passers in the game. Craig Morton, Meredith's replacement at quarterback, showed much more poise and accuracy during 1968 than he did in 1967.

The Cowboys, says Tom Landry, their coach, are better this season. "This is the best Cowboy team ever," he said huffily when Dallas adherents were miffed by lackluster performances following an early loss to Green Bay. "People are using a different yardstick to measure us by. I don't know what they want."

Well, by any yardstick the Cowboys should be better than Cleveland. They have an edge in passing; although the Browns are more of a deep threat running, the Cowboy defense has been together longer and is superior to Cleveland's. That should be enough to put the Cowboys into their third straight NFL championship game, this time against the Baltimore Colts in Dallas on Dec. 29.

Baltimore may prove no more of a bargain for the Cowboys than was Green Bay in the last two championship games. The Colts are like the Packer championship clubs—sound of wind and limb and possessed of no flaws.

The Cowboy-Packer games were both spectacular affairs. Cowboys vs. Colts may turn out to be less so, because of the possibility that the airtight defense on both sides may stifle offensive display. However, it is unwise to assume that a game will be quiet and low-scoring because both teams have strong defenses. Two seasons ago the Packers and the Cowboys were both among the league leaders defensively, and yet the score was 34-27. The Arctic Bowl in Green Bay last year between the same two teams produced 38 points, though both had to skate precariously on the thin ice of Lambeau Field. On a reasonable surface you might have expected two or three more touchdowns. It is not likely, but this year's game could be high-scoring, too.

On offense Baltimore has a clear edge at quarterback, even though Earl Morrall's record is almost identical to Meredith's. The two quarterbacks finished one-two in passing in the NFL. But Baltimore certainly comes up with better support for Morrall than the Cowboys do for Meredith, and that could be a

major factor. Behind Morrall is Johnny Unitas, who missed almost the entire season with the grandfather of all tennis elbows. Unitas returned to action briefly late in the year and demonstrated that while he may not be able to throw deep quite as well as before, he is still a master at picking apart a defense, reading a blitz and spearing a receiver on those sideline and slant-in passes that keep a drive alive and allow a team to control the game. Morton, Meredith's replacement, has had little experience in championship games.

The Colt passing attack is not based on the bomb; Jimmy Orr, Ray Perkins and Willie Richardson cannot match Dallas' Rentzel and Hayes in pure speed. But Orr has more subtlety in his patterns than either of the Cowboy ends, and in John Mackey the Colts have one of the two or three best tight ends in the business. The running backs on the two clubs are about equal; Don Perkins gives the Cowboys the best bet for a long gainer, but Tom Matte is always a threat on the option pass for Baltimore.

The Cowboys will have more difficulty penetrating the Baltimore defense than they will that of Cleveland. The Colts gave up only 144 points, same as the '63 Bears and fewer than any other team since 1946. They should put great pressure on Meredith with a quick line and linebackers who are more apt to blitz than Cleveland's, though the Colts are not primarily a blitzing defense. But when they do send Dennis Gaudatz, Mike Curtis or Don Shinnick on a scalping expedition, the element of surprise works heavily in their favor.

Yet, though the Colt defense is superb, it is spotted with young players just maturing in their positions. It is unlikely that it will react as well as the veteran Cowboy unit under championship pressure. Most of the Dallas defense has been together as a group for three years now and the reactions are instant and accurate. Since both teams employ an unusual number of patterns on both offense and defense, the game could well be decided in the guessing contests between offensive and defensive signal-callers. When that happens it is almost axiomatic to go with the older defense—in this case, Dallas.

The game is a tossup, but the flap should favor the Cowboys. After all, they have lost two tossups in a row. **END**

The Baltimore defense: Lenny Lyles (43), Rick Volk (73), Jerry Logan (28), Bob Boyd (48); Don Shinnick (60), Dennis Gaudatz (52), Mike Curtis (31); Orville Branson (81), Fred Miller (76); Billy Ray Smith (74), Bubba Smith (78).

NINO GOOFED ONLY ONE TIME

The idea was to get Americans interested in the Italian Riviera. Incidentally, Benvenuti was defending his title **by MARK KRAM**



Far in the lead, Nino is caught in the seventh by Fulmer's long right

The first page of the press brochure, one of the many unsuitable attempts at banditry in this town on the road to Monte Carlo and Nice, told a good part of the story of the world middleweight title fight last Saturday night in San Remo, Italy. What it did was offer a prize of 500,000 lire (about \$800) to the visiting journalist who most effectively portrayed the charms of San Remo and its suitability the year round for similar events of worldwide interest.

San Remo, for all the millions who may think that only Monte Carlo on the Mediterranean relieves picture-snappers and bad crashshooters of their money, is in northern Italy. The northern Italians work hard and like money. The southern Italians simply like money and are truly gifted in the art of operating in lessure fashion to get it. Had the Nino Benvenuti-Don Fullmer fight been held, say, in Naples, one might be reflecting now on a masterpiece in delicate chicanery—instead of on what was only a bad, unmoving though successful title defense by Benvenuti.

The fight was just one of the many

things that did not come up right for San Remo. The weather was uncommonly cold and dreary. The organization was not firm. The local students, mimed about in their protests by daintily attired cops, were considerably annoyed that the town council had given the promoter 50 million lire (\$80,000) to hold the fight in this very lovely city covered with narcissuses, mimosa and hyacinths and resting at the bottom of an amphitheater of hills. All of this splendor, of course, will be described—most certainly by some perceptive journalist from Naples—but the town's scheme still backfired.

Last summer had been unfortunate for San Remo. The French were too busy striking. The English could escape only with £50 which did not allow them to go anywhere. And the Americans, well, they apparently thought San Remo was just another Italian restaurant. The idea behind the fight promotion was to bring the tourists back to the Italian Riviera, to put San Remo on the international tourist map and to compete especially with Monte Carlo. So the

town produced the money, but only with the understanding that the fight would be televised back to America. ABC obliged, picking up the rights for a meager \$43,000.

The fight itself did not figure to be particularly rousing, but there is a certain fascination to a title match being held in a strange setting. History argues well for the big fight in the little town. Doc Kearns destroyed Shelby, Mont, in one of his Jack Dempsey capers, and we are all familiar with tiny, ambitious Lewiston, Me. San Remo? Well, this would be stimulating, a fight on the romantic Italian Riviera, a scene that the international jetters would have to make. The American television viewers would surely be impressed by the glittering sight of Jackie and Ari, Prince Rainier and Grace, and Marcello Mastroianni, not to mention the somewhat offbeat presence of 47 Mormons who would be there to see one of their own, Don Fullmer, reach for the prize.

Unfortunately, Jackie and Ari did not know they were supposed to be there, Marcello was busy making money some-

where else and the Mormons had long ago given up the idea of the trip to San Remo. Only Virna Lisi, admittedly a toothsome adornment, got to ringside, and her trip there was not pleasant. An egg and a rotten apple thrown by students just missed her pretty head.

Still, 1,800 people, contributing the equivalent of \$80 each, made it inside the Ariston Theater, for the most part unscathed. It took a while for the students to perfect their throwing arms and to stoke their anger high. Then they made a move at the line of cops, who, with egg dripping off their uniforms, responded at first with a hesitant defense and then a demonic charge. A few heads were split, and the cops ended up with an outrageous cleaning bill.

"Ha!" yelled one student, "how do they like this? Bad publicity, eh? Why are we fighting? Because all over, people are not making money. People are living in bad homes and have nothing to eat. And they spend—the town council—50 million lire on a fight!"

In view of the performance inside the ring, all that lire did seem a waste. It was clear that the promoters and the vast army of town generals, who seemed always to be clucking over their stroke of publicity genius, were blatantly unconcerned about who would be fighting and how they would fight. "A good story on the town, on beautiful San Remo, eh?" one of them said to a reporter. Then he added, chuckling, "Five hundred thousand lire for you, eh?" Suppose it was a bad fight, he was asked. He shrugged and went into a lengthy dissertation on how the German Emperor Frederick III adored San Remo in 1887.

Don Fullmer was not as impressed as the emperor. All week he talked of his longing for Utah and how he certainly preferred being back home with his brother Gene (the former middleweight champion) and breaking the necks of monks on Gene's farm. It is too bad he did not look upon Benvenuti as something of a monk. He was mostly ineffective against the Italian, though he did knock the champion down with a looping right hand in the seventh round. Nino was not hurt seriously. Still, though far behind at this point, Fullmer might have turned the fight around with that knockdown. But he did not. Or could not. What is necessary to beat Benvenuti is to slip his jab



and stumbles toward the ropes. He fell and took the eight-count but was not in trouble

constantly and stay on top of him. He has to be intimidated, never given a chance to flash his cuteness. But in the end the only way Fullmer could have taken the title home from Italy was by knocking Benvenuti out.

Benvenuti is, of course, the better boxer, but he surely had the protection of the officials. The Italians do not part with a title easily. Who can forget how Freddy Little was scandalously denied the junior-middweight title against Sandro Mazzinghi? Fullmer, it was obvious, would not be allowed to rough up Nino, the Italian referee would not hesitate to call fouls. Thus, cautiously, Fullmer stayed too far from Benvenuti too much of the time. He did manage to extract one concession from the Italian officials. After much introspection, the officials abandoned their idea of making Fullmer fight by Olympic rules; that would have made it a more ludicrous fight than it was. "We decided not to," one of the officials said later, "After Mazzinghi, the reputation of Italian boxing is at stake."

Despite all this, there can hardly be

any complaint about Benvenuti. He is not a great fighter, but he is a clever, respectable champion. Oddly, for all his personal charm, he has not completely captivated the Italians themselves. There is an ambivalence in the country's feeling for him. The Italian press, which angers him perpetually, has not increased his following. Said one reporter, "Poor Nino, he has so much. But he has no culture."

Maybe not, but he does have a fine, sensitive mind—so evident the other day when he spoke of Primo Carnera, the one world heavyweight champion in the history of Italian boxing.

"For us kids," he said, "Carnera was the good giant, the Biblical Samson, the force we all wished to have for turning the world upside down. I saw him when I went to Sequals, the small town where he died, and spent some hours with him. He was a good and brave man, honest and less ingenious than they wished him to be. The thing that struck me most in our entire afternoon together was his profound humanity. I should have as much."

END

A CLASSIC WIN TO THE BRONCOS

Two guys had this idea—stage a basketball tournament in San Francisco. They very nearly failed, but Santa Clara came to the rescue by brutalizing highly esteemed Houston and remaining undefeated **by JOE JARES**



Bud Ogden, tournament's outstanding player, snags ball away from Houston's Theotis Lee.

Scheduling a basketball game against Santa Clara is like walking into an Irish pub on St. Patrick's Day and loudly insulting the Virgin Mary. The Broncos are what coaches euphemistically call a physical team. They do not lob in 30-foot mortar shots, and their speed is such that if they were playing five sumo wrestlers they still would not fast break. They are not particularly tall and they do not have much depth. What they do have is a brawling, stubborn defense with lots of pro-style jostling, a fanatical desire for rebounds and a senior forward named Carlos (Bud) Ogden, whose father won the Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II and obviously passed on his tough qualities. Last weekend Ogden and his teammates put their muscle and hustle on display in San Francisco's Civic Auditorium. They stomped on highly rated Houston and the University of San Francisco and they won their second straight—forgive the expression—Cable Car Classic.

Basketball tournaments have a way of becoming classical in a hurry, like in the first annual year. The Cable Car is in its second year, and if the name sounds somewhat grandiose, the tournament itself is not. It is a friendly little two-night affair. The host, officially, is USF. The hosts in reality are two improbable basketball fans, Harry Jupiter and Arturo Santo Domingo, part owners of a little cocktails-and-luncheon sports hangout called the Templebar. Their office is reached by winding through cases of beer and racks of booze in three consecutive Templebar storerooms.

Jupiter is an ex-baseball writer for the San Francisco Examiner, and Santo Domingo is a statistician for the Giants, but on road trips, when their minds should have been on Wallie Mays' bat-

ting average, Jupiter and Santo Domingo kept talking about how great it would be to have a good college basketball tournament in San Francisco. Since nobody else volunteered, they decided to promote one themselves, and if they had known then the trouble ahead they would have settled instead for the bacon and ham concession in Israel.

"Our first tournament was an experience," said Jupiter. "We decided to go first class—generous expenses, sterling silver trophies, things like that—and we soon realized there was no way we could break even, even if we filled the house both nights. It got so that each of us was afraid to tell the other fellow that we were spending money on little things like a cup of coffee for a friend, or a taxi ride. We knew it wasn't in our budget. Hell, we didn't even get our statistics handled free, because Art, who could have done the job, was busy watching the empty seats with me. I'll level with you. We lost a bundle."

Hardly anyone showed up either night last year, and the poor partners could not even mourn the loss of their money in peace on Sunday Western Kentucky, which had lost in the finals to Santa Clara, flew east with the keys to their two borrowed station wagons, and Harry and Art had to spend most of the day chasing down duplicates so they could return the cars.

There was some encouragement, however. Franklin Miele, president of the San Francisco Warriors, had made sure his team was scheduled out of town at tournament time and chipped in to help the sponsors' Cable Car Enterprises, Inc. pay some of its debts. USF and Santa Clara volunteered to take \$1,500 less than they were guaranteed.

So last weekend Jupiter and Santo Do-

mingo gave it another try, cutting costs by again doing practically everything themselves—ticket sales (the Warriors' staff helped), publicity, hospitality, the whole deal. They did not offer courtesy cars to the teams and they cut the program from 36 pages to eight. But, as they did the year before, they had four interesting teams, most notably Santa Clara and Houston.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* was so unimpressed by the Classic that on the day of the first round its big sports story was the mailing of invitations for the Crosby Pro-Amateur golf tournament, more than 41 days off, and its second big piece of news was a defense of eastern football by Penn State Coach Joe Paterno. The basketball doubleheader was buried.

Still, the Santa Clara-Houston main event was enough to draw more than 5,000 people into the Civic Auditorium Friday night. That was not exactly an overwhelming horde, but still it was the best crowd in the Classic's short history and enough to make cosponsor Jupiter so heady that he sent the entire Brigham Young band out for a free meal at a nearby restaurant. It is pretty certain Madison Square Garden never did anything like that.

The Broncos did their usual shillalah job on Houston, a team that was expected to be one of the country's best despite the loss of Elvin Hayes and Guard Don Chaney, who led the memorable upset of UCLA in the Astrodome last January. To replace them, Houston Coach Guy Lewis had some good sophomores and a 6' 2" junior college transfer, Ollie Taylor, who jumps center against anybody up to 7 feet tall, plus three returning starters.

Santa Clara, with Ogden, his younger brother, Ralph, and 6' 9½" Center Dennis Awitrey, is pretty much the same bunch that had to open the NCAA Western Regional last season against sixth-ranked New Mexico in the Lobos' own desert-pit of a field house. They won by 13 points that night, but lost the next night to UCLA. Last weekend, the first half against Houston was as close as expected. Neither team shot well, but Bud Ogden, glued to jumping jack Taylor, and Awitrey, on Houston's 6' 9" Ken

Spain, were playing superlative defense. The Broncos went into the locker room at the half leading 27-24. They came back out and proceeded to blow the Cougars right into the bay.

For one thing, Houston could not have thrown a beach ball into the ocean. Forward Theodis Lee was 2 for 12 from the floor and was seldom even close. Santa Clara opened up a 10-point lead and, with Awitrey and Bud Ogden dominating the backboards, stretched it to 20 near the end of the game, when a massive fistfight almost erupted. Two players got in a wrestling match over a loose ball, and before you could say, "It's just a game, fellas," both benches had emptied, with Santa Clara Coach Dick Garibaldi leading the Bronco charge. According to Bay Area rivals, Santa Clara believes in winning the fight even if it does not win the game, but in this case it very likely would have won both. Officials managed to prevent a riot, and when the snarling died down Santa Clara continued its rugged work and won going away, 75-50. Bud Ogden finished with 22 points and Awitrey had 19, plus 20 rebounds. Houston, badly missing Hayes' turnaround jumper, made only 19 out of 68 shots.

USF edged Brigham Young in the other prelin to move into the finals with Santa Clara. USF has had a long and tightly contested rivalry with Santa Clara but on Saturday night, before a smaller crowd, the Dees were hardly in the game after the first five minutes. In one stretch, when Santa Clara went from one point ahead to nine points ahead, Bud Ogden scored all eight points, stole the ball three times and blocked one shot. He ended with 20 points and little brother Ralph had 24. On their family's garage on Walnut Grove Ave. in San Jose, there is a hoop nailed up. All the Ogden boys' one-on-one games through the years obviously have paid off. Bud was the unanimous choice for the tournament's Most Valuable Player. Even at 6' 6" he should make some pro team go forward.

"The team last year had the best record in the school's history—22 and four," said Warriors General Manager Bob Feerick, an ex-Santa Clara player and coach. "They epitomize their coach,



Cable Car Classic sponsors, Santo Domingo and Jupiter (right), cast a wary eye on House.

Garibaldi—all defense, all hustle and, some of them, the hands of blacksmaths. What they could do if their three guards could shoot."

Late Saturday night everybody was about as pleased as could be expected. Santa Clara had won its second straight Classic, was 5-0 for the season and had proved its right to be among the top ten teams in the country.

And if each participating player did not have a win or a trophy to warm his heart, he at least had the official tournament souvenir, a wooden cable car lamp put together by the inmates at San Quentin. Entrepreneurs Jupiter and Santo Domingo had spent a good part of Saturday afternoon unwrapping the lamps and affixing "Cable Car Classic" metal plates on the sides.

Now, as the last spectators drifted out of Civic Auditorium and the last stat sheet was cranked out of the mimeograph machine, Harry Jupiter and Art Santo Domingo were wandering around the empty court in a kind of happy daze. Fleck, they just might have made a little money, and soon it would be time to sweep out the place.

END

BOUQUETS OF ROSES FOR NO. 1

The nation's two top teams, Ohio State and Southern California, get a rare opportunity to settle which is the best as an entire season of undefeated play comes down to their face-to-face clash in Pasadena **by DAN JENKINS**

The pairings for postseason bowl games can often be about as enthralling as the lopsidedness of one's head on New Year's morning. Anacin will be a 10-point underdog, and so will the opponent for the No. 1 team out there in Pasadena, Miami, Dallas or New Orleans. Elsewhere it will be a lot of No. 6s going against a lot of No. 10s, almost all of them from the Southeastern Conference. Every now and then, however, the fates and the sponsors accidentally get together and up comes a day that makes it look as though Sonny Werblin and David Merrick have bought the NCAA. Such a day is upon us.

What has occurred this time is a jolly good stirring up of geography and conference champions. The Southwest and the Southeastern will be after one another in both the Cotton and the Sugar, as Texas plays Tennessee and Arkansas plays Georgia, and the East has a shot at the Big Eight in the Orange, where Penn State meets Kansas. The six teams involved have won a total of 52 games and lost only four. And in the runner-up bowls we find the Southwest against the Big Eight in the Bluebonnet and the Southeastern against the Big Eight in the Gator.

But as interesting and action-crammed as all of these games threaten to be, they could be played simultaneously in the parking lots outside the Rose Bowl on Jan. 1, and hardly anyone would want to climb to the top row to glance over at them. Inside the old Pasadena portals will be one of those games that do not come along often enough. Ohio State vs. USC is No. 1 against No. 2, undefeated against undefeated, conference champion against conference champion, coaching great against coaching great, the state of Ohio against the state of California—most of the best players being homegrown—and, for a final bit of glamour, a whole huddleful of brazen sophomores against the Heisman Trophy winner.

Throughout the entire history of bowls you can't find many games that equal this one. It has been five years since anything approached it. That was when No. 1 Texas met No. 2 Navy in Dallas, with Navy bringing along the Heisman fellow, Roger Staubach. It was six years ago that the Rose Bowl had a smash hit on its hands, the time USC was No. 1, with Pete Beathard and Hal Bedsole, and Wisconsin was No. 2, with Ron VanderKelen and Pat Richter. Before that you have to go



USC's Sogge is a cool one in the clutch.

back to 1951 when New Orleans was all gaudied up for No. 1 Tennessee against No. 2 Maryland. And then you have to go way, way back to the old standby of the '20s—the season when Notre Dame sent the unbeaten Four Horsemen out to Pasadena to meet Ernie Nevers and undefeated Stanford.

History, tradition and statistics rarely help to unearth a possible winner in a game like this one, of course, but they can aid the nervous. Woody Hayes's Buckeyes will be happy to learn that No. 1 teams in somebody's poll usually win the bowls. They've won 20 and lost three in Pasadena, they are 9-5 in the Sugar, 4-2 in the Orange, 4-0 in the Cotton. The Buckeyes may also take comfort in the fact that Big Ten teams are 16-6 in the Rose Bowl and that Woody Hayes has won the two times he's been there.

On the other hip pad, however, USC has a habit of winning Rose Bowls, the Trojans being 11-4. John McKay is 2-1 himself, but more important is the fact that McKay is undaunted by Big Ten teams. In his eight seasons as head coach he has won 12, tied one and lost only five to the imposing Midwest.

Getting down to basics, the game will be one of glorious emotion. Ohio State will probably be a three-point favorite at the kickoff, but forget it. The Buckeyes will not be the team that buried Michigan 50-14, and USC will not be the team that got tied by Notre Dame 21-21. In other words, Ohio State will not be that powerful, and USC will be better than you think. Both offenses will move, and O. J. Simpson will make his 55 yards against the Irish look like the freaky thing that it was—a figure caused by field position and the scoreboard as much as by Notre Dame's defense.

The key to it all could be the Southern California defense, whether McKay can find a defensive end to replace the injured Jim Grassum. He couldn't in the Notre Dame game, where he tried four guys, and that's where little Joe Theismann killed him. The USC defense will have to avoid, most of all, an Ohio State attempt to keep the ball, as the Irish did. Quarterback Rex Kern, one of Woody's sophomore wonders, will try to do just that by driving Fullback Jim Otis behind his two talented tackles, Dave Foley and Rufus Mayes (who will sometimes play side by side for tough yardage), by running Larry Zelina wide and by keeping the ball himself.

The Trojans, meanwhile, will retreat to Plan I, which they had to throw out in the Notre Dame tie when they fell behind by 14. This calls for running Sampson doggedly and hitting the audible pass when Quarterback Steve Sogge senses the need for one. The short pass to Bob Klein when the defense is dug in for O.J. is a money-grabber.

"We can't fall way behind and we've got to have some field position," says McKay, "or we're desperate again." Which means long strikes to Sam Dickerson, and O.J., hit or miss. "This is the best offense we've ever had," adds McKay, "but not the best defense, so our defense is going to have to do the job."

If it comes down to intangibles, as so many big games do, then there are these things to consider. USC has faced a tougher schedule—its opponents were 49-38-4 compared to 39-41-0 for Ohio State's. USC is at home in the Rose

Bowl, going there for the third straight year, which means that its juniors and seniors will be unawed and unannoyed. Woody will try to keep his sophomores calm, sophomores who played only three times away from home this season, all in the Midwest. The Trojans, though calm, will be revved up mentally by the fact that there are still three national championship trophies to be won, those of the AP, the Football Writers and Helms.

The track record of these Trojans over the last two seasons is that when they truly relished playing a game, they win. "That's right," said O.J. the other day. "And we're going to play the best game we've ever played in the Rose Bowl."

Which means USC should win, but remember one thing. Didn't Ernie Nevers outgun the Four Horsemen and the Seven Mules combined and still lose?

CONTINUED



Ohio State's Kern is a hot one all the time

Bowl Previews

Sugar Week



in New Orleans

Photographs by Stephen Green-Armytage



Most people think that a football game, even one held on New Year's Day, should be, well, a football game. Oh, go ahead: hold a parade, puff up some balloons, vote for a bowl queen—but then let's get serious. This purposeful attitude just won't do for the fun-loving folk of New Orleans,

however. They like their sport to last a week and their bowl of sugar to be nine parts confectionery to only one part lumps and bruises. And so, from the French Quarter (left) to the posh Garden District, and right out to the playing field, Louisiana's famed old city is a swinging place.





It is the blend of sport, elegance and the lively arts that gives New Orleans' bowl week its distinction. For those who prefer their athletics with a dash of the pari-mutuel, there is the Fair Grounds, where a glass-enclosed

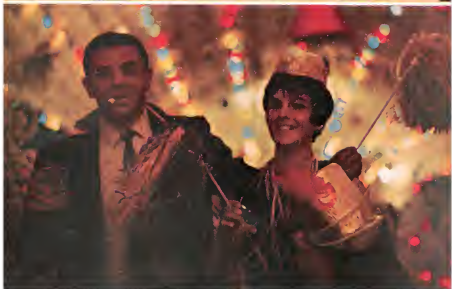
grandstand can shelter 9,000 if the day turns gray. Evening brings parties in the Garden District, one of the last refuges of antebellum aristocracy. And always there is the glittering music and soulful mood of Bourbon Street.



Teams like Southeastern Louisiana come with looks of dedication for the track meet. But for other visitors there is wining, first in the forenoon at Brennan's and then at night, when an exotic display of vintages by Rita, a star

stripper, brings to mind the town's celebrated Bernard de Marigny, who, after squandering his \$4 million fortune pleasuring, told his wife, "I wish you to know that I possess in the highest degree every vice of a gentleman."





As the bowl game nears, the sailing regatta, tennis matches, track meet and a basketball tournament crown their champions and step back. Only one preliminary remains, the New Year's Eve party: whirling lights

at the governor's ball, a crescendo of noise, a snifter of '47 Cognac—ah, perhaps it was 1847—and then out to the stadium. Last Jan. 1 it was LSU's Tiger, red nose and all, biting Wyoming's Cowboys, while . . .



this year 80,000 are ready to shout about . . .



... GEORGIA vs. ARKANSAS

The Sugar

There are striking similarities in the '68 success of the Sugar Bowl rivals, Georgia and Arkansas. Both played testing but scarcely superhuman schedules, both had major position switches work out well and both had sophomore quarterbacks who performed with distinction. But there were differences, too. When someone asked Coach Frank Broyles of Arkansas what had made his Razorbacks a Southwest Conference co-champion (with Texas), he barked: "Confidence! This team believed it could do anything." When someone asked Billy Payne, one of Georgia's more murderous defenders,

what the Bulldogs' secret was, he replied: "Love. We really love one another."

Love? Golly jellybeans! Ah, but lest Arkansas come to believe that they'll find naught but daisy petals and gingerbread crumbs in New Orleans,

Georgia's Coach Vince Dooley says hurriedly, "Listen, the way kids think today, of Billy summed it up right. Of course, I might put it differently—like saying this team achieved *complete unity*."

Well, be it a totality of oneness or simply flower power in the locker room, Georgia surprised even its most fanatic followers this year by going 8-0-2, winning the Southeastern Conference title and finishing No. 4 nationally. There are even Bulldog brethren who think this team is better than those of Frankie Sinkwich and Charley Trippi. Dooley won't go that far, but he allows proudly, "No doubt this is a great team."

Georgia has a splendid defense, led by two All-Americans—Tackle Bill Stan-

fill and Safety Jake Scott, who intercepted 10 passes—along with Billy Payne, who personally displayed a team love greater than most by willingly switching from his '67 glamour position as a pass catcher to defensive end. Georgia also has a versatile offense, led by sophomore Quarterback Mike Cavan, who completed 116 of 207 passes for 1,619 yards and nine touchdowns.

The story was much the same at Arkansas, where sophomore Quarterback Bill Montgomery completed 57% of his passes for 1,595 yards and 10 touchdowns, and also scampered through sprint-outs, bootlegs, triple options and counter-options for enough yardage to break his school's alltime single-season total offense record. Coach Broyles hedges just a trifle on Montgomery's value, "It wasn't *only* Bill," he says. "We had 12 new people come through for us, eight of them sophomores." Among the surprising youngsters were Flanker Chuck Dicus, who caught 38 passes for 589 yards and eight touchdowns, and Tailback Bill Burnett, who rolled up 859 yards in 207 carries and scored 16 touchdowns.

Generally light—the heaviest man is 216—the Arkansas defense gave up 347 yards a game, including 16 touchdown passes. Yet that seemingly porous crew forced 42 ball turnovers—22 fumbles and 20 interceptions.

The Razorbacks' only loss came against Texas and would not seem significant except that Texas is a great deal like Georgia. Neither team makes the kind of mistakes Arkansas likes to take advantage of. Thus, despite Frank Broyles's knack for coming on with strong teams late in the season, it would figure that Georgia love will conquer Arkansas confidence in New Orleans.



Georgia's Mike Cavan

CONTINUED

KANSAS vs. PENN STATE

The Orange

Pepper Rodgers of Kansas is a man of zesty spirit, given to learned, though effervescent, discourses on the value of surprises in football—surprises that include quick kicks, deep passes on third and one, pregame somersaults in public and the sour singing of *Jingle Bells* on his TV program. Joe Paterno of Penn State is a wingding gambler who will stake life, limb, home, country—and, last year, victory over Florida State in the Gator Bowl—on such madmen's bets as running on fourth and one deep in his own territory with a 17-0 lead.

Thus, it was inevitable that when Pepper Rodgers carefully appraised this year's Orange Bowl meeting between his Jayhawks and Paterno's Nittany Lions, his drawled verdict was: "If I had to make a guess, uh, I'd say this just might turn into a wild game."

Good guess, Pepper. But let us all be assured that the brand of wildness unleashed in Miami will be both artfully designed and masterfully executed. For Penn State (10-0) and Kansas (9-1) are two of the best-balanced and least-frenzied teams in America this year. Penn State's rough and cocky defensive crew has given up only 10.6 points a game. It has forced an impressive 49 ball turnovers—25 interceptions, 17 fumble recoveries, two safeties and five blocked punts. "They have a knack for coming up with the big play," says Paterno. "They like to exploit a situation." Indeed, the Lion defense—led by Tackles Mike Reid and Steve Sneed, All-American Linebacker Denny Onkotsz and a secondary that is one of the fastest in the game—has set up or scored 145 of Penn State's 339 points this season. Yet, surprisingly, these impressive defenders average only 203 pounds per man, smallest among the Top 10 teams.

As for the offense, Joe Paterno says, "I imagine we'll be freewheeling it against Kansas." Quarterback Chuck

Burkhart's throwing arm has never been considered a significant part of the Lions' offensive arsenal, but he has completed 87 of 177 for 1,170 yards. A Terry Hanratty he's not. But he does have All-America Tight End Ted Kwalick, 6' 4" and 230 pounds of superior athlete, a man so spectacular that Joe Paterno says, without emotion, "Kwalick has the ability to be the greatest tight end that ever lived." Then there is Penn State's rushing attack, which gained 2,739 yards. The Lions' running backs are quick, tough and beyond discouragement. Halfback Bob Campbell had a knee injury last year and a shoulder separation early this season, yet in his first game back, a 28-24 win over Army, Campbell rushed for 104 yards, scored two touchdowns and made a punt return of 46 yards. Against Syracuse he ran for 239. Don Abbey, down with a knee sprain during much of the early season, came back to offer enormous power as fullback, and Charlie Pittman, who carried the load while Campbell and Abbey were hurt, scored 14 touchdowns and averaged 5.2 yards per carry. The offensive line is led by Dave Bradley.

Much of the sunflower dazzle in Pepper Rodgers' Kansas coaching reputation has radiated from his brilliance as a master of the offense—Kansas this year averaged 38 points and 442 yards total offense per game. But the Jayhawk defense is far from being inept. The defenders did give up 175 points, but 93 of those came during fourth quarters—long after most of Kansas' victories were in the bag. The defense is enormous—especially compared to Penn State's—with such fine performers as All-America End John Zoog (235 pounds), Tackle Karl Salib (275), End Vernon Vanoy (260), Linebacker Emory Hicks (232) and Guard Al Jakobec (215).

Still, the main reason that Kansas wound up with its best season since 1908 is its offense—the "Rap City Boys," as Pepper Rodgers calls his backs. The leader is Bobby Douglass, a southpaw quarterback who rushed for 495 yards and completed 84 of 168 passes for 1,316 yards and a dozen touchdowns. Watch closely and you will see Douglass take an odd backward step just as the ball is snapped. Some people believe this tips the play. Rodgers, who taught Douglass the step as a split-second saver, says, "The only thing that step tips off is that he is going to run, pass or hand off."

Douglass can fire his very hard passes at two able receivers, Split End George McGowan or Tight End John Moser. When he hands the ball off, it will be to a back field that made better than five yards every time it rushed. Fullback John Riggins, a sophomore, averaged 6.2 yards, and tailback Don Shanklin averaged 6.3 and is a quick-kick threat. John's older brother, Junior Riggins, a tailback, averaged 6.3, too.

In view of Kansas' size and its slightly superior offense—in passing, particularly—it would seem the No. 6 Jayhawks have the edge over No. 3 Penn State. But it is a tiny edge in what will be a night of fireworks in Miami.

Kansas Quarterback Douglass



TEXAS vs. TENNESSEE

The Cotton

Gilbert, Worster, Koy and Street. It might work. Give it a little age, though, and a little reflection. And especially give it a Cotton Bowl victory, and then try it. Gilbert, Worster, Koy and Street. Sure. Right in there with Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden, with Davis, Blanchard, Tucker and McWilliams, with Albert, Kmetovic, Galliarneau and Standlee—with all the legendary backfields. This is mainly what the University of Texas has going for it against Tennessee in the Cotton Bowl, the Fleeing Foursome: Chris Gilbert, Steve Worster, Ted Koy and James Street, who may have gained more ground yardage than any four backs ever. Gilbert, a senior halfback, enjoyed his third straight 1,000-yard season (an NCAA record in itself) with 1,132 yards, while sophomore Fullback Worster rammed for 806 yards, junior Halfback Koy, a younger brother of Ernie (Ted wants to be a sports-writer and sold a story during the season to *The Football News*), slashed off tackle for 601 yards, and Quarterback Street, while adding the passing that Texas has lacked, ran away from his sideburns for 340 more on keeper plays.

In all, Coach Durrell Royal's backfield, operating from a new formation he calls the Wishbone T, heaped up a formidable 2,879 yards on the ground, and with Street's passes mixed in, the Longhorns became the highest-scoring Texas team in 50 years, averaging 34.4 points per game.

From the moment Royal replaced Bill Bradley at quarterback with Street, a baseball pitcher, Texas started making the scoreboard blink. It wasn't in time to save the Longhorns from a tie and a loss in their first two games, but it was in time for Street to lead Texas to an 8-1-1 season and a co-championship in the Southwest Conference. On the way Texas beat Oklahoma (26-20) and SMU (38-7), the Bluebonnet foes, flogged Arkansas, a Sugar Bowl team, by more than the score (39-29) indicated, and gradually fought its way up to No. 5 in the nation.

On the morning after Texas beat Baylor for its sixth straight Street, a handsome athlete with mud sideburns, came strolling through the training center as Royal and his defensive coach, Mike Campbell, sat nearby.

"I guess," said Royal, "we'd better say something to James about getting a haircut."

To which Campbell replied, "Yeah, either that or let our guys grow out like his."

No one cared to bother Street much about anything. Threatening to become the best quarterback Royal has had, Street makes the whole attack work. Shifty, smart, good arm and confident, he wasn't discovered quicker because he was injured for five games last year and then he missed spring training while pitching Texas to the conference baseball title. The triple-option play, which is the heart of the Texas offense, is a natural for Street's faking,



Texas Tailback Gilbert

his running, his guile and his arm. Often Texas will use what is known as a full-house backfield, but with Worster a step closer in, thus forming the Wishbone, or Y, effect. Worster is up close because he starts quickly and hits hard, and as the option develops his proximity to the scrimmage line limits the reaction of the defense. Street then either gives to Worster, gives to Koy, keeps, pitches out to Gilbert or throws to one of his good ends, Cotton Speyrer or Deryl Comer.

In view of all this it would seem that the oddsmakers are a little low in favoring Texas by only seven over Tennessee. If Texas could monopolize the ball against Arkansas, which it did, then it surely ought to be able to do so against the Vols, who are much like Arkansas. One thing that would greatly help the Vols would be for them to find a running game of their own to complement Bubba Wyche's passes and thereby keep the ball a while. But if Richmond Flowers is shut off wide, and if Richard Pickens is denied the middle, the Vols must throw. Throw they can, and well, with Wyche, cool and strong, aiming steadily at End Ken DeLong or Flowers, whose speed can keep anyone occupied—and Texas can be passed against much better than it can be run against. But Coach Doug Dickey's team, as spunky as it is, has scored inconsistently and depended too much on its defense. Nor has the Vol defense, led by two fine linebackers, Steve Kuter and Jack Reynolds, faced a team with the offensive firepower of Texas. In short, Tennessee will lose a scoring battle if it comes to that.

The final ingredient is the bowl tendency of the two teams. Texas usually plays well in bowls; Tennessee does not. The Longhorns have won four of their last five trips into postseason play, beating two especially talented Southeastern Conference teams in the process—the No. 2-ranked Mississippi team of 1961 and Alabama's Joe Namath-No. 1 outfit of 1964. Tennessee, in the meantime, has a 3-8 record in the Rose, Cotton, Sugar and Orange. The Fleeing Foursome should make it 3-9.

CONTINUED

Bowl Previews

ALABAMA vs. MISSOURI

The Gator

For those sated by the highest-scoring college football season ever, this is the game to watch. Alabama (8-2) allowed only 10.4 points a game. Missouri (7-3) only 12.6, and their face-off at Jacksonville figures to end 1-0. Coach Bear Bryant of the Crimson Tide has had teams with more impenetrable defenses and teams with slicker offenses and he will have to be at his inventive best to win this game—but he probably will.

Bryant won't mind if Missouri tests End Mike Ford, an All-America, or Middle Guard Sammy Gellerted, a sophomore whose 5' 8", 195-pound size is a very clever disguise. And any Missourian who thinks that Linebackers Mike Hall, Bob Childs and Wayne Owen are underfed had better beware, for they simply measure up to Bryant specifications: quick, lean and mean.

Bryant has worked overtime, however, fixing blowout patches for his deep defenders, who are vulnerable to the long pass, and it is interesting that Missouri's Terry McMillan can unload such passes. McMillan's No. 1 target will be Mel Gray, a 9.3 speedster who has the legs to get him to the right spot but hands that sometimes betray him once he is there. He showed much improvement toward the end of the season, however.

Tiger Coach Dan Devine has a more diversified offense

than Alabama, and he will probably augment it by interchanging two men at tailback: Greg Cook, who led the team in total yards rushing (693), and Jon Stagers, the No. 1 pass catcher.

As for the Tiger defense, Ends Elmer Benhardt and Bill Schmitt, Tackle Rocky Wallace and Guard Carl Garber are strong enough to keep Alabama Quarterback Scott Hunter hustling. This is important, because Hunter has a strong arm and cannot be allowed undue time to throw. Former Tide Quarterback Steve Sloan, who now coaches the Alabama passers, says, "For just raw arm, Hunter is as good as Namath." Hunter this year completed 104 of 190 attempts for 1,298 yards and broke team passing marks held by Namath, Kenny Stahler and Sloan. End George Ranager and Flanker Doan Sutton are receivers who can come up with big gains, but to do so will have to outfox two good Missouri defensive backs, Butch Davis and All-America Safety Roger Wehrli, who is the country's best punt returner as well.

The best guess is that Bryant will have Hunter peck away at the weakest part of the Tiger defense—the so-so linebackers—with a barrage of short passes. Then, when that strong Tiger line begins pressing its pass rush, look out for the draw plays to runners Ed Morgan and Pete Moore. Is this a point-a-minute approach? Hardly. But a point an hour might be enough for Alabama to win its 12th bowl game in 21 tries.

OKLAHOMA vs. SMU

The Bluebonnet

SMU scores touchdowns as fast as Bob Hope spouts one-liners. Alas, Hope, who recently became SMU's first Homecoming King, cannot help the Mustangs once they get on the field, and the SMU defense could surely use help against Oklahoma, for it is young and error-prone. But as bad as Coach Hayden Fry's Mustangs may look on occasion, they surprised even themselves with a 7-3 record and are far from hopeless. They have a way of rearing up when least expected. Offensive Tackle Terry May might stop a Sooner drive singlehandedly. Or Safety Jim Livingston, who had eight of the team's 22 interceptions, might come up with a few more.

To get the SMU offense rolling, Chuck Hixson, who was the nation's top passer with 265 completions, will have to take advantage of the Oklahoma linebackers. One of these, Steve Casteel, is excellent, but the other two, Don Pfumner and Gary Harper, are roomers and may give Hixson a chance to hit 'em where they ain't. Hixson will be throwing to a pair of fine receivers, Jerry Levas

(80 receptions for 1,131 yards) and Ken Fleming (53 for 588 yards). Since Oklahoma's defensive backs are not the best, Hixson, whose forte is the short pass, might resort to more long passes than usual to test them.

Few teams came on as strong in the late weeks of the season as Oklahoma. Sooner Tailback Steve Owens, who is 6' 2" and 205 pounds, was fourth in the country in rushing, and if his blockers do not clear a path for him he is strong enough to do the job himself. Quarterback Bob Warrack is a clever manipulator who set Big Eight career records for passing and total yardage. His favorite receiver is Wingback Eddie Hinton, who caught 60 passes for 967 yards. Also functioning well in the Oklahoma backfield is Fullback Mike Harper, who is most frequently, and effectively, used as a blocker for Owens.

What transformed the Sooners—they lost three of their first five games and gave up 133 points—into winners was not the development of their backfield, however, but the switching by Coach Chuck Fairbanks of 217-pound End Steve Zabel from offense to defense. With Zabel on defense, the Sooners allowed only 64 points in their last five games, all of them victories. SMU is one of the country's most exciting teams, but when Hixson is all through, Owens and Oklahoma will probably wind up their New Year's Eve in the Astrodome with touchdowns to spare. **END**

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Sportsman of the Year

BILL RUSSELL

The year was crammed with excellence. In one two-week period Arthur Ashe won the U.S. Nationals at Brookline, went to Forest Hills and became the first amateur to win a major international open tennis championship. Jean-Claude Killy's triple Olympic triumph brought a fresh, engaging personality to world attention. O.J. Simpson demonstrated that if he wasn't the best running back in college football history, he was good enough to make that proposition grounds for a valid debate. Bob Gibson and Denny McLain, Bob Beamon and Al Oerter, Lee Trevino and Kip Keino, Debbie Meyer, Peggy Fleming, Dan Gurney, Mackey Bolich, Earl Morrall, Gordie Howe—the honors list for achievement in sport in 1968 is long and distinguished, a fact that adds luster to this choice of Sportsman of the Year. The career of Bill Russell (see cover) is astonishing for its consistent brilliance. Still, in 1968, he brought to it a new dimension; as coach as well as star player of the Celtics—leading and doing—he drove his group of veterans to Boston's 10th world championship since he joined the team 12 years ago. The photographs at left are highlights of the playoffs for the title between Boston and Los Angeles. At a time when the host of superb Negro athletes commands esteem for performance, Russell has proved his ability to lead athletes of both races—and leadership has been an area of sport inaccessible to black men. What follows is the narrative of a day recently spent with Russell, interspersed with comments on the man by those who know him best, his fellow Celtics.

REFLECTIONS IN A DIARY by George Plimpton

The trophies are downstairs in a cellar room that has a covered pool table in the middle, an unstocked bar at one end and posters of Allen Ginsberg and Marlon Brando on the wall. The room is dark and dusty and, unlike most athletes' trophy rooms, apparently little used. Russell says that one day he hopes to devote the floor space to a large electric train system for his children and also for himself. He'd clear everything out for that, including the trophies. These stand in a tall case against one wall—rows of them, mostly yard-high replicas of players posed, right arm up, to shoot one-handed shots with silver basketballs. They commemorate one of the most remarkable records in sports: 14 years of play at the pinnacle of basketball—two years leading the University of San Francisco to the national championship and then 12 years with the Boston Celtics,

leading them to two second-place finishes and 10 world championships.

Russell inserts a key. The heavy glass doors slide on smooth runners. He bends and peers in. He fishes out an Olympic gold medal, as small as a fifty-cent piece in his big hands. He won it as a member of the 1956 Olympic basketball team.

His favorite trophy in the case? He points at one of the less towering, one which marks the beginning of his career, a tall silver figure on a white base. He won it in a tournament promoted by the *San Francisco Examiner*, as the Bay Area's Most Promising Young Player. At the time he was 19 years old and a freshman at the University of San Francisco.

He leads the way upstairs. He walks stiffly, bending to

continued

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

continued

got his 6' 9" height through doors. Upstairs the house is lively. His wife Rose and the children are there: Jacob, Kenyatta and Buddha, named after Russell's heroes in history. A dog is underfoot: Patches, a boxer, nervous perhaps because Russell dislikes him (he tracks in asthma, Russell says) and whose legs Bill mockingly keeps threatening to break. The living room is tasteful—a grand piano, a mobile hanging from the ceiling, African artifacts (spears and masks on the wall), peacock plumes in a vase and a ceiling-high bookcase crowded with volumes, many by Negro leaders and athletes. A complete set of Hogarth's sketches in bound volumes stretches along the bottom shelf. Russell moves through the room chatting with the children, ducking his head to clear a ceiling lamp on the landing, an instinctive move that he would doubtless make if the room were in pitch darkness.

SAM JONES Russell was slow settling down in Boston. When I came to the Celtics he'd been with them a year and he had just moved from the Hotel Lenox in the city into a different house out in Reading. There wasn't anything in it for a while except a telephone, a refrigerator and a rocking chair. This one time I was out there—I remember the date, Nov. 2, 1957—Rose was pregnant. Not only that but she was having birth pains there in the living room, rocking back and forth in that rocking chair, and Bill was off somewhere in the only car. I said to her, "Don't do anything. Wait till Bill comes back." I've had five kids since, but I didn't know anything then, so I stood over her and I wrung my hands and she rocked back and forth and I said, "Please, please wait till Bill gets back. He'll know what to do . . . he can handle anything."

Out in back of the house is a small pale blue swimming pool, emptied, with a carpet of autumn leaves in the bottom, a chair facing the deep end and a bicycle leaning against the shallow-end side. There are seven or eight birdhouses in the yard, Rose Russell, a girl of lively curiosity, is an amateur bird watcher. Russell himself collects phonograph records. He has 4,000, one of which he selects, a big-beat single, and puts on the turntable. The volume is very high. He talks through the sound: "Track was what I was first interested in at college, because the track team had a sweater that buttoned down the front with S.F. on it for San Francisco. The other sports had nothing like that. The first meet, I went out and jumped 6 feet 7 inches for the sweater."

TOM (SATCH) SANDERS He's nicely hooked on clothes. Last year it was Nehru jackets and love beads—his kick as an overgrown love-child. This year it's Africa—

caftans and sandals. We shake our heads when we consider what he might turn up in next year.

The record comes to an end and Russell puts on another. "Track is really psychic," he says. "There wasn't a guy I jumped against I couldn't beat if I had the chance to talk to him beforehand. I talked to Charlie Dumas and we tied. After that he never talked and he went on to those world records. I recall we had one big meet with 34 jumpers. They wanted to start the bar at five-eight. I said, 'Let's start it at six-four—let's get rid of all this garbage.' I wore a silk scarf, basketball shoes, a track suit and black glasses. I took off the glasses to jump. I had no trouble that time. I loved track. I was completely loose—never got worried or sick before an event . . . loose as ashes."

JOHN HAVLICEK He's a fantastic athlete. He could have been the decathlon champion. He could broad-jump 24 feet. He did the hurdles in 13.4. I've seen him in plays on a basketball court when he not only blocks a shot but controls the ball and feeds it to his forwards, and then he's up at the other end of the court trailing the fast break and if there's a rebound there he is, ready for it. He just might be the fastest man on the Celtics. Last year in the playoffs Archie Clark of the Lakers stole the ball three times and he must have had five steps on Russell and a free lane to the basket. Each time Russell caught him and blocked the shot. Think of that. Think of being on the other team. There's got to be a funny feeling, going for the basket when Russell's around.

There is an invitation to dinner at a friend's house. Willie Mays is going to be there. In the garage Russell gazes longingly at his Lamborghini sports car, but it is a two-seater and there are too many people to transport. On the way to dinner Russell talks about the defensive skills that are his specialty. "Much of defending is instinctive," he says. "He-is-going-to-shoot, so obviously I must do this. But it's also possible to analyze your reactions in certain situations so you can learn to control what you do—so that it's not an accident anymore. Of course, there are some tricks. If a game is close, two minutes to go, your man's probably going to take his favorite shot. So you can compensate. And then again there's luck. Now, naturally," he adds, beginning his big ractety laugh, "if I was 22 my man wouldn't be having any luck at all."

"What begins to go—besides the luck?" someone in the car asks.

"You begin to lose the competitive edge. That's the only department—and it's an important one—where I feel any loss. My timing's as good as it ever was. But night after night, test after test, they come to challenge me—it's

not unlike being a gunfighter. For the last four or five years I've had this picture of myself as the gunfighter—the guys coming up who say they saw me when they were in the fourth grade and they've watched every move, and practiced them, and how they want to try me. And they keep coming and sometimes I wonder if I still have to prove myself."

JOHN HAVLICEK He used to throw up all the time before a game, or at halftime—a tremendous sound, almost as loud as his laugh. He doesn't do it much now, except when it's an important game or an important challenge for him—someone like Chamberlain, or someone coming up that everyone's touting. It's a welcome sound, too, because it means he's keyed up for the game, and around the locker room we grin and say, "Man, we're going to be all right tonight."

RED AUERBACH The first time I saw him play after we landed him for the Celtics was with the 1956 Olympic team against an all-star team in College Park, Md. He was horrible. He was awful. I thought, God, I've traded Ed Macauley and Cliff Hagan for this guy? I sat there with my head in my hands. He came over to see me after the game. He said he wanted to apologize—he'd never played like that. I looked at him and said I hoped he was right because if his play that night was any indication of his ability, then I was a dead pueon. His first game as a pro wasn't much, either. Harry Gallatin of the Knicks just ate him up. Russell—well, he didn't seem to want to hit any one. Timed. He'd just been married, and that doesn't do a guy any good. At least on a basketball court. So the next time we played the Knicks I thought I'd play Russell at corner and let Araie Risen play center against Gallatin. Russell came to me and said he wanted to try again against Gallatin. Well, what a job he did on Gallatin—maybe the guy got one shot on him, maybe two. Russell destroyed him. That's a word you can use about him—he "destroyed" players. You take Neil Johnston—a good set shot and a great sweeping hook shot, a big long-armed guy who played for Philly and was the leading scorer in the NBA the year before. Russell destroyed him. He destroyed him psychologically as well, so that he practically ran him out of organized basketball. He blocked so many shots that Johnston began throwing his hook farther and farther from the basket. It was ludicrous, and the guys along the bench began to laugh, maybe in relief that they didn't have to worry about such a guy themselves.

Willie Mays has already arrived at the dinner party, looking chilly in a lightweight gray suit. It is a cold autumn day outside. He brightens at Russell's entrance. He stands

in front of the fire, bouncing up and down on his toes, and in reply to how he feels and what he thinks about next season he announces he is only going to play 100 baseball games, the schedule is just too exhausting; in fact, maybe he'll limit himself to 80. "Well, 80, yes I should think so," says Russell. "Baseball . . . really damn brutal. Think of it. You got to get to the ball park at 4 o'clock for a night game. You sit around and shoot some pool. Then you eat a sandwich maybe, and you drink some pop. Then you sit around and do a lot of cussing at each other. Then you pull yourselves together and it's time for some more pool. After a while you get dressed. Out on the field you lounge around the batting cage. Then you go back and lie down and read the day's lineup. Finally you go back out and the game begins. The only people who do anything are the pitchers and catchers. What does everyone else do? Well, they lean forward on their toes and they pound their fists into their gloves! [Russell stands and pounds his fists together.] Sometimes they spit on the ground. Just for a change. When the pitcher gets three men out, everybody walks into the dugout where they hold their chins in their hands. [He holds his chin in his hand.] And what then? They stare out at the field until it's time to go out and start pounding that glove again. It's really brutal."

"Aw, come on," says Mays, bouncing on his toes.

TOM (SATCH) SANDERS. He's a good needler. When I first came to the Celtics I decided we weren't going to get along. In training camp I was going to be mean and hard and cold and I wasn't going to have anything to do with anyone—just concentrate on making the team. Well, that lasted two or three seconds. Russell let loose with that big laugh in this restaurant, and I decided that anyone with that much laughter wasn't anyone to be mean and hard and cold around. So I went over and asked if I could tag along. In his inevitable fashion he turned on me and said no, hell no, certainly not. Well, I thought, I've done it now. I've shown myself up as weak, just when I was going to be mean and hard and cold. I'd better change back fast. But then, just as I was turning away and getting all set to be aloof again, why he said he was only kidding. Well, that's like him. He enjoys surprising people to keep them just a bit off balance. When I do something wrong he says, "You just don't like Boston, do you?"

Mays asks Russell about coaching basketball. "It doesn't seem to me to be all that complicated," Russell says. "I've listened to coaches for so many years. Players react to different stimuli. Some guys you berate; some you praise. If you happen to have a team of guys who need to be yelled at, well, you yell at them and you hope that your manner's convincing."

continued

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

continued

"You miss things?" Willie asks. "Playing and coaching at the same time?"

"I miss some things—guys getting tired, certain guys I don't play enough. But I have intelligent players who give me advice. I don't worry. I'm not going to get ulcers coaching. I'm going to give them."

BAILEY HOWELL There are some advantages to having a player-coach. The great one is that he can inspire you on the floor by example. A coach on the bench can only shout, or maybe send in a substitute. But if things are going badly Russell can take over. He can get a rebound, begin to block shots. By performing on the floor he can pick up the whole team and set it going right.

JOHN HAVLICEK His first season was rough—we finished second. He called us in to see him at the beginning of his second season—we were down in Puerto Rico on an exhibition tour—and he looked at us, six or seven Celtic veterans, and said that sitting in that room was a century of basketball experience. He wanted our help—he wanted to tap that knowledge. Of course he told us that he would be the final decision. It helped a lot. He told us to criticize him if we felt he warranted it. One of his problems is that after he gets a rebound he sometimes won't come all the way downcourt with the offense. He has a tendency to go to half-court and watch. If I'm on the bench I'll yell, "Get down there, Russ!" And he'll start, jump a little, you know, and he'll prance on down there, that chin striking out, and that goatee of his accentuating the whole business.

"Hey, when you coming out to the ball park?" Mays asks Russell abruptly. "For batting practice, I mean. We'll fit you out." Mays is full of enthusiasm. "What size are your feet?"

"Fourteen," says Russell.

Mays's enthusiasm is not diminished. "We got fourteen. We got them around somewhere. We'll get you into something."

"I hit batting practice in Dodger Stadium," Russell says. "Mudcat Grant took me out there when he was with the club. I hit the right-field wall."

"The right-field wall?" Mays is agast. "Why I can't hit that wall." He puts on a pout. "What you talking 'bout?" He begins to stomp around the living room. "What you talking 'bout?"

LARRY SIEGFRIED As a coach he's not a man of a million words. He's direct and he's precise and it has a great effect. We were down three-one to Philly in the playoffs last year and he gave us this little sentence in the dress-

ing room for a pep talk. He said, "We've come so far and I don't want to go home now."

"You play pool?" Mays asks. "You coming out to the house when you're on the Coast? To play pool?" He is very enthusiastic.

"Oh-oh," Russell says. "He's beginning to reel me in."

"Oh man," says Mays. "Don't you gamble none?"

"Always with the wrong person. You ever play golf with Jimmy Brown? One time we're playing and Brown says, 'Hey, I can beat you using one club.' 'What club?' I ask him. Well, that was a mistake. He was reeling me in right there. 'A four-wood,' he says. I ask him, 'You mean you chip and putt and everything with a four-wood?' 'Yes,' he says. He's reeling me in good. Well, I think about it and finally I say O.K. So I get a four on the first hole and so does he. I get a five on the next; so does he. Then I get a three and he does too. Well, I'm one over par after five holes, playing way over my head, and he's fooling around with that four-wood and he's dead even with me. Well, I can't play up to that cat, so he wins the last four holes and \$80."

Mays says he's pleased to know about that, just in case he runs into Jimmy Brown on a golf course; and in the meantime he's ready to take on Russell with just a putter.

Russell looks around the room solemnly. "A den of thieves," he says, and he rocks back and forth with laughter. He stands up. He says goodbye to Mays. He will see him on the Coast. Maybe he will play pool. He is sorry to leave but he has a game the next night.

In the car on the way back someone asks, "Hey, did you really hit the right-field fence at Dodger Stadium?"

Russell laughs. He says, "Maybe not so far as that. But we can't let Willie know."

JOE DELAURI, the Celtic trainer: He's friendly and easy with those he likes. But the big concern he has is for the Celtics. Nothing else really matters. That's why he seems so cold often to the press and the fans. They're not Celtics. After we won the championship last year he kicked everyone who wasn't a Celtic out of the dressing room—press, photographers, hangers-on, and also this poor guy who was tending a television camera in the locker room who said he had to have permission to leave it untended, pleading to stay, said he was going to lose his job, and it took three or four minutes to get him out. The press was pounding on the door, furious about deadlines and all, and Russell turned around and looked at us and he asked Howell to lead the team in prayer. He knew Bailey was a religious man—it was also his first year on a championship team—and he knew Bailey would appreciate it. Russell's not a religious man himself. Sam Jones said, "You pray?" And Russell said, "Yeah, Sam."

END



WAGON BUYER'S DIGEST OF BETTER IDEAS FOR '69

The Ford Guide for wagon buyers who want all the facts before making a purchasing decision. Options and features for twelve wagon models.

Remove this handy guide for future reference.



**New from the Wagonmaster...
Beauty and brawn
in 7 big new Ford Wagons.**

The Wagonmaster's done it again! Ford Wagons are bigger and more beautiful than ever before. And whether you buy a luxurious Country Squire or no-nonsense Ranch Wagon you've got bigness and quality that are built in from the ground up.

Wheelbase is 2 inches longer this year for even smoother riding. And the track is wider

than ever. That gives you better road-holding and leaves more than four feet between the rear wheel housings. In all, cargo space is up five cubic feet for larger loads. Even the fuel tank has been enlarged for extended cruising range.

Longer and smoother. Wider. Roomier all around. Get the idea we make everything big? Well that's because at Ford, Wagons are big business.

Facts about the 1969 Ford Ranch Wagon. Standard features include: 242-cu.-in. 3-cyl. 3-speed all-synchromesh manual transmission, 3-way Magic Door/pane,

choice of 3 all-ways interiors, 2-speed electric windshield wipers with electric windshield washer, heater/defroster, lock-covered parking brake, automatic interior courtesy light, storage compartment under cargo floor, removable ignition key, keyless locking and all the Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety Features.

Ford Custom 500 Ranch Wagon (Available in 50-passenger and Dual Facing Rear Seat Models—electric tailgate window standard with DFES.) All the above features plus these variations: choice of 4 all-vinyl interiors, lockable storage under cargo floor, Custom 500 exterior trim.

Ford Country Sedan (Available in 50-passenger and Dual Facing Rear Seat Models—electric tailgate window standard with DFES.) All the above features



plus three gearless choice of 5 all vinyl interiors, additional automatic courtesy lights in passenger compartment, glove box and oak tray.

Ford Country Squire (Available in six-passenger or Dual Facing Rear Seat Models - electric tailgate window standard on both.) All the above features plus these variations: 302-cu in V-8, insulated wood-grain trim on sides and tailgate, choice of 5 all-vinyl interiors with loop-pile nylon carpeting, illuminated electric clock, hidden headlamps in die-cast grille, full wheel covers.

Ford Wagon Options include: 302-cu in V-8 engine (standard on Squire), 392-cu in V-8, 429-cu in V-8 (with 2- or 4 barrel carburetor), SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, solid-state automatic speed control, power steering, power windows, power

seats, power front disc brakes, automatic ride control, SelectAire Condenser, roof-mounted luggage rack, reclining front passenger seat, power door locks, Comfort Weave, breathable vinyl seat trim. **Basic Ford Wagon Specifications:** length 214 9/16", width 79 5/8", height 55 1/2", front head - 43", rear head - 64", cargo space length of floor front seat - 92 1/4", width between wheel housings - 48 7/8", opening width - 50 1/2", maximum cargo height - 48 1/2", rear opening height - 29 1/2", cargo volume - 95 1/2 cu ft., weight - 4200-4350 lbs., base tire size - 8.25 x 15.

A, Tilt steering wheel adjusts to seven positions for comfortable control. Optional.

B, Ford Country Sedan... like all '86 Ford Wagons holds more cargo than ever before - 96 1/2 cu ft.!

C, D & E, 3-way Magic Seats are new for '86. Now

it flips down for cargo, swings out wide for passengers with the window up or down.

F, Ford Country Squire, available in six-passenger or Dual Facing Rear Seat Models. Hidden headlamps are standard on Squires.

G, Adjustable roof rack option has built-in air deflector to help keep rear window clean.

H, Automatic Ride Control keeps wagon at constant height and level regardless of load.

I, Instrument Control Center puts all controls within driver's reach, gives front passengers more room.

J, Optional Speed Control lets you set any speed you choose and cruise with your foot off the gas.

K, Stereo-Tape player option with AM radio lets you take along your favorite music on long-playing tape cartridges.

Important: See Amchart Estimator page for additional information.



3 new Torino and Fairlane Wagons...big value in middle-sized packages.

How do you like your intermediate wagon? Luxurious? You're a Torino Square man. Strictly business? Fairlane's your wagon. In between? Get an in-between Fairlane 500. They all have room for six adults plus the famous 2-way Magic Doorgate that flips down for cargo, swings out for people. These wagons will amaze you with their roariness

and the way they handle in tight little spots. Why not get behind the wheel and prove it yourself?

There's always power plus economy with Torino and Fairlane wagons. Improved acceleration, smooth and economical high-level performance. All yours with this year's expanded range of power train choices from Ford.

And you can personalize your Torino or Fairlane Wagon. There's a long list of luxury and convenience options to suit all your individual needs and tastes.

Facts about the 1969 Fairlane Wagon: Standard features include: 250-cu. in. 3½ engine with 3-speed synchromesh manual transmission, 2-way Magic Doorgate, 2-speed electric windshield wiper with electric windshield washer, choice of 3 all-steel 15-series, beam/delcoaster, 20-gallon fuel tank, foot-operated parking brake, storage compartment under seat-clad textured metal cargo deck, reversible ignition key, keyless locking, courtesy light, and all the Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety features.

Fairlane 500 Wagon: All the above with these variations: Rear choice of 4 all-steel 15-series, simulated teakwood grained appliques to excess doors and instrument panel, foldable stowage under rear cargo deck, color-keyed carpeting.



Torino Squire Wagon: All the above with these variations. Your choice of 4 pleated aluminum fins with color-keyed carpeting, simulated wood grain paneling on sides and tailgate, full wheel covers.

Torino & Fairlane Wagon Options include: 302-cu in. V-8, 251-cu. in. V-8 (2- and 4-barrel carburetor), 290-cu. in. 4-barrel V-8, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, power front disc brakes, power steering, power tailgate window, power front bench seat (500 & Squire only), third seat, Camber-Wave "breathable" vinyl upholstery (500 & Squire only), 2-10 second intermittent windshield wipers, Select-Air Conditioner with 3-speed blower, AM-FM Stereo Radio with dual speakers, deluxe 3-spoke steering wheel, power windows with driver's master control.

Basic Torino & Fairlane Wagon Specifications: length 203 1/2", width - 74 8", height - 56 1", wheelbase - 113 8", cargo space length on floor (front seat)-89 0", width between wheel housings-42 9", opening width -49 1", maximum cargo height-32 3", rear opening height-29 0", cargo volume-85.2 cu. ft., weight - 3535-3596 lbs., base tire size-7.75 x 14

- A. Behind-the-wheel comfort** for the driver—easy-to-read instruments, vinyl-covered safety padding all around and color-keyed steering wheel
- B. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic** transmission lets you shift when you want to, or does it all automatically, as you choose
- C. Select-Air Conditioning** circulates cool air throughout the car with four adjustable vents located in the front panel

- D. Optional Power Rests** have flooring carpet disc brakes on front wheels, for greater brake resistance.
- E. AM-FM Stereo Radio** option surrounds you with rich, concert-hall sound from dual speakers
- F. Fairlane Wagon** equipped with a special optional trailer towing package. Your Ford dealer is an expert on safe, easy, and enjoyable trailer towing
- G. Torino Squire**, base-wagon of the intermediates, is equally at home on downtown streets or all trails that lead to fun
- H. Torino Squire** interiors offer you a choice of four pleated, off-white vinyl colors plus rich, deep color vinyl carpeting
- I. Fairlane 500 Wagon** with standard 2-way Magic Doorhinge that swings out for people, and flips down for cargo and long load capability

Important: See Answer Exterior page for additional information.



Compact Wagons for big people. A couple of hard-working Falcons.

New Falcon and Futura Wagons have low prices, and low operating costs. But everything else is strictly big time. You can carry six adults in comfort, or flip down the rear seat and carry a seven-foot load with the tailgate closed. Falcon—a compact wagon ready to handle big jobs and big fun.

Facts about the 1969 Falcon Wagon. Standard features include: 200-cu. in. Six with fully synchronized 3-speed manual transmission, choice of 3 oil-vinyl interiors, 2-speed electric windshield wipers with electric windshield washers, heater/deheater, foot-operated parking brake, reversible ignition key, keyless locking and all the Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety Features.

Futura Wagon: All the above plus these variations. Choice of 4 oil-vinyl interiors with color-keyed leather carpeting, courtesy lighting, arm rests, Futura exterior trim.

Falcon and Futura Wagon Options include: 2-way Magic Doors, 200-cu. in. V-8, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, SelectAir Conditioning.

Basic Falcon Wagon Specifications: (length—196.7", width—73.2", height—56.1", wheelbase—113") cargo space length at floor front seat—89.0", width between wheel housings—42.6", opening width—49.1", max. cargo height—32.7", rear opening height—29.0", cargo volume—85 cu. ft., weight—Falcon, 3252 lbs.; Futura, 3269 lbs., base line size—7.75 x 14.

A. Falcon Wagon with optional 2-way Magic Doors. Available for loading convenience on both Futura and Falcon Wagons.

B. Falcon Futura Interior, where economy doesn't mean austerity. All-vinyl trim, recessed controls, color-keyed interiors—all are standard.

C. Falcon Futura Wagon, compact-size with big-wagon benefits, rugged construction, roomy interiors options for your individual requirements.

Illustrated: San Antonio. Falcon and Futura are trademarks of Ford Motor Company.

Price it out yourself with this Armchair Estimator.

It's easy. And it's convenient. Everything you need to know is right here on this page.

At the time the Armchair Estimator went to press (October 4, 1968) the prices shown herein were the current manufacturer's suggested retail prices for the items shown. Prices and equipment may have changed since that time. (Front seat head restraints which have been optional at \$17.00 will be mandatory equipment after January 1, 1969.) So when you have priced out the model of your choice, with the equipment you want included, be sure to check with your Ford dealer for the most current prices. (Why not take your Estimator with you?)

Now here are the simple steps to follow in estimating the manufacturer's suggested retail price for the new wagon you have chosen.

- 1 Write in the price of the 1969 wagon of your choice.
- 2 Write in the total price of the options you want.
- 3 Add 1 and 2. That's the manufacturer's suggested retail price of your 1969 wagon.
- 4 Now make a rough guess of the trade-in value of your present car. (Your Ford Dealer can give you an exact, professional appraisal, of course.)
- 5 Subtract 4 from 3. This is your Armchair Estimated Price of a 1969 wagon with trade-in.
- 6 If you prefer to make monthly payments, here's how to figure them. Begin with the price from No. 5, then multiply it by the appropriate factor listed at right:

This table cannot give an exact figure due to minor variations in local finance rates, taxes, insurance, etc. But it is a good approximation. It's especially helpful in showing how little extra per month you actually pay to add valuable options to your wagon.

- 7 Take this estimate to your Ford Dealer. Ask him for his figure. We think you'll be pleasantly surprised—there's never been a better time to save money on a new wagon!

IMPORTANT NOTICE—The prices shown on this page are manufacturer's suggested retail prices. The actual prices will depend on each vehicle in your Ford Dealer's showroom. Optional equipment prices are based on factory installation of options except as noted otherwise. Some discounts in this guide show 20% with taxes that the national or state cost. Photos are P.O.S. Dealer and do not include gasoline, frame and tire fees, and state and local taxes. At the time of printing this guide (10/4/68), all car prices, product information, and specifications were in effect and correct. Ford Dealer or Ford Company representatives are the right to change prices, product specifications and designs at any time. However, without notice and without incurring obligation.

FORD WAGONS



Country Squire with dual-facing rear seats
(302-cu. in., 220-hp V-8 std.) \$7,721.00



Country Squire (302-cu. in., 220-hp V-8 std.) \$7,644.00



Country Sedan with dual-facing rear seats \$3,370.00



Country Sedan \$3,257.00



Custom 500 Ranch Wagon with dual-facing rear seats \$3,251.00



Custom 500 Ranch Wagon \$3,138.00



Ranch Wagon \$2,724.00

(All models, except where noted, equipped with 240-cu. in., 150-hp Six Engine.)

Optional Equipment Includes:

Extra charge over 240-cu. in., 150-hp Six	
302-cu. in., 220-hp V-8	\$ 105.00
Extra charge over 302-cu. in., 220-hp V-8	
370-cu. in., 265-hp V-8	\$ 58.34
429-cu. in., 352-hp V-8	\$ 143.24
429-cu. in., 240-hp V-8	\$ 237.01
SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic with Six	\$ 191.13
with 302- or 370-cu. in., V-8's	\$ 200.85
SelectShift with 429-cu. in., V-8's	\$ 222.08
Power Front Disc Brakes	\$ 64.77
4-Way Power Full-Width Front Seat	\$ 100.15
Power Steering	\$ 100.26
Power Windows (N.A. Ranch & Custom 500)	\$ 105.11
Power Tailgate Window (std. on Squire and all wagons with dfts.)	\$ 34.89
Power Door Locks	\$ 48.47
Limited-Slip Differential	\$ 41.60
Auto Speed Control (SelectShift & V-8 req.)	\$ 79.09
Tinted Windows & Windshield	\$ 44.76
SelectKine Conditioner (N.A. 4-cyl.)	\$ 368.74
Remote Control Outside Mirror (left side)	\$ 12.95
Luggage Rack	\$ 46.55
Anti-Luggage Rack w/air deflector	\$ 63.08
Push-Button AM Radio	\$ 61.40
Push-Button AM/FM Stereo Radio	\$ 181.36
Stereo-Sonic Tape System (requires AM Radio, N.A. with AM/FM Stereo Radio)	\$ 133.86
Wheel Covers (std. on Squire)	\$ 21.34
Typical Whitewall Tire Option	\$ 36.40
Std. Steering Wheel (requires power steering & SelectShift)	\$ 45.92
Corporated Todd Floor	\$ 15.59
Automatic Ride Control System (V-8 req.)	\$ 89.94
Heavy-Duty Suspension	\$ 23.38
Comfort Weave Vinyl Trim (Country Sedan, Squire)	\$ 24.83

TORINO/FAIRLANE WAGONS



Torino Squire \$3,090.00



Fairlane 500 Wagon \$2,834.00



Fairlane Wagon \$2,824.00

(All models equipped with 260-cu. in., 155-hp Six engine.)

Optional Equipment Includes:

Extra charge over 260-cu. in., 155-hp Six	
302-cu. in., 220-hp V-8	\$ 90.00
Extra charge over 302-cu. in., 220-hp V-8	
351-cu. in., 250-hp V-8	\$ 58.34
351-cu. in., 290-hp V-8	\$ 84.25
390-cu. in., 220-hp V-8	\$ 143.24
SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic with Six	\$ 191.13
SelectShift with 302- or 351-cu. in., V-8's	\$ 200.85
with 390-hp V-8	\$ 222.08
Power Front Disc Brakes	\$ 64.77
Power Steering	\$ 100.26
Power Windows	\$ 105.11
Power Tailgate Window	\$ 34.87
Tinted Windows & Windshield	\$ 36.86
SelectKine Conditioner (N.A. 4-cyl.)	\$ 380.41
Power Ventilation (N.A. SelectShift)	\$ 15.59
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THE UNBELIEVABLE MOMENT

Bob Beamon knew that his jump was superb, probably a new record. But 29 feet? He fell to his knees. Here is an anatomy of that famous leap **by COLES PHINIZY**

At 3:46 p.m. on Oct. 18 in the Olympic Stadium at Mexico City a track steward called the fourth competitor, No. 254, Beamon U.S.A., to take his first try in the long jump. Although the sky promised rain at any moment, when Robert Beamon went to his mark the conditions were ideal, the runway fast. Because he had fouled his first two tries in the qualifying round the day before, Beamon was fearful of doing so again. As he stood at his mark he lowered his head and lifted it twice. He closed his eyes slowly and opened them, thinking only one thing: *don't foul*. In his first loping steps on the runway he felt slow, but as he gathered speed his doubts diminished. He hit the takeoff board with a good, full stride and went into the air. Remembering the instant now, Bea-

mon, a laconic man, says simply, "It felt like a regular jump."

Because the finals of the men's 400-meter dash were about to get under way, some of the 40,000 spectators in the stadium were diverted and did not see Beamon's historic effort. Among those who did there were a few experts who realized, while Beamon was still in the air, that the jump was a whopper. Jesse Owens, the 1936 gold medalist of eternal fame, was serving in Mexico City as a radio commentator. Following Beamon through binoculars from the stands opposite, Owens declared, "His body went up five and a half to six feet in the air, and with his speed, that will do it."

Long jumper Lynn Davies of Great Britain, who took first at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, and Ralph Boston of

the U.S., who won in Rome four years before that, were seated on a bench near the start of the runway, both waiting to make their first try for a second gold medal. "We could see very little of the actual jump, being too far behind it," Davies recalls. "Even so, it looked impressive. He seemed to be such a hell of a long time in the air."

"That's 28 feet," Boston said.

"No, it can't be," Davies replied, lying out loud to bolster his own spirits.

"That's more than 28 feet," Boston insisted.

Although the jump seemed only "regular" to Beamon while he was in flight, when he hit the dirt he knew he had jumped very far. Judging by the shouts of the crowd and the momentum that sent him frog-hopping out the far end

continued



23.5°C. TEMPERATURE
42% HUMIDITY
573.8 MM. BAROMETRIC PRESSURE
76% OF SEA LEVEL AIR DENSITY

1968—BEAMON—29' 2½"

THE MOMENT *continued*

of the pit, he was quite sure he had exceeded the world record of 27' 4¾", held by Boston and Igor Ter-Ovanesyan.

In Mexico the long jump was measured with an optical device that slid along a rail parallel to the landing pit. To try to line up Beamon's mark in the dirt, a judge moved the optical sight out and out, and still farther out until, just past 28 feet, the sight fell off the far end of the rail. "Fantastic, Fantastic," the judge said to Beamon. "We will have to measure it with a tape."

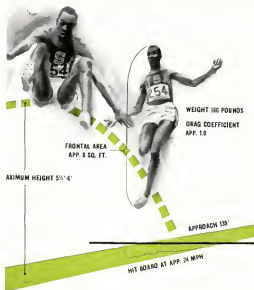
When the tape-measured result, 8.90 meters, flashed on the scoreboard, Ter-Ovanesyan said in despair to Davies,

"Compared to that jump, the rest of us are children." American track buffs in the stands immediately began converting the metric result into feet and inches—and they had a terrible time. After multiplying the metric result by 39.37 and dividing by 12, and then remultiplying and redividing and cross-checking to get a logical answer, they kept coming up with 29 feet and something—impossible. Beamon first got the spectacular truth from Boston, a veteran of many campaigns in metric countries. "You really put it all together," Boston told him. "You went about 29 feet 2 inches."

In the elation of the next 10 minutes, Beamon is not sure just what he did or when. At some point before he had fully

collected his wits, he recalls kneeling on the track, overwhelmed by his good fortune. Either before or after collapsing, he remembers being beckoned to by spectators wanting his autograph. Before he reached them, some of the autograph seekers—including a good number of jubilant Mexican ladies—had come out of the stands onto the turf. "I don't remember signing an autograph," Beamon relates. "It seems all they really wanted was to kiss me—some of them for the second and third time."

Although part of the stadium crowd never saw the jump, by midnight around 40 million Americans back home had seen it, at normal speed and in slow motion, on ABC television. Track and field



- 1901—O'CONNOR—24' 11 1/2"
- 1921—GOURDIN—25' 3"
- 1935—OWENS—28' 8 1/2"
- 1968—BOSTON—27' 4 1/2"
- 1967—TER OVAHESYAN—27' 4 1/2"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON MOSS

devotees—the statistical buffs in particular—are still savoring the moment, ruminating on it. It is without a doubt the tastiest single morsel of trackery that ever came their way—a tidbit so rich that it is difficult to digest. In this day, when a fractional improvement in any event is hard to come by, Beamon had pushed the long-jump record out from 27' 4 1/2" to 29' 2 1/4"—nearly two feet. In the past 50 years the world's best jumpers collectively had not advanced the mark much further than Beamon did with one long jump. Beamon, in effect, had taken off into thin air in the year 1968 and landed somewhere in the next century.

Although it is no solace to other jump-

ers now faced with the futility of trying to overtake him, Bob Beamon admits that when he "put it all together," he did so at just the right time and under ideal conditions.

Track coaches are hereby warned not to let their jumping protégés read farther into this article. At this point we are going to try to tarnish Beamon's shining moment by explaining some of it away in terms of drag, frontal area, terrestrial variations and acceleration curves. Any youngster who takes off down a runway with a head full of such junk probably will never make it past 21 feet.

ARTIST'S RE-CREATION of the jump shows the various physical forces that were at work as the athlete hurtled himself through the air.

Before the 1968 Games many experts—athletes, coaches and allied noodlers—were aware that while endurance men would suffer at the 7,349-foot altitude of Mexico City, the men of explosive effort—the sprinters, weight throwers and jumpers—would likely profit on two counts. For one thing, because the earth is an asymmetrical mass with an irregular surface, the gravitational pull exerted on any object, be it a man or the weight he throws, varies from place to place. Mexico City is, so to speak, a light area, giving the athlete an advantage of about one-tenth of 1% over what he might expect, say, in Los Angeles. Such a gravitational advantage is only of feathery significance in a 29-foot jump.

For certain, the thin air of Mexico City did help long jumpers and triple jumpers and all sprinters except sprint swimmers. (In Mexico the sprint swimmers competed in fresh water as dense as it is anywhere, and luckily so. If the water, like the air, had been thinner in Mexico City, all the swimmers would have sunk.) How much advantage did the land sprinters and jumpers enjoy in Mexico City? There's the knotty problem. In this screaming age of technology, a good deal is known about the resistance that fluid mediums of various densities offer to nose cones, foils, hulls and other shapes traveling through them. Although there has never been much need for knowing the effect of air density on a runner flailing his arms and legs while poking along about 25 mph, here and there some work has been done. From these meager pickings and an inference or two derived from the performance of other competitors at Mexico City, it is possible to get a rough idea of how much benefit Beamon gained from the thin air. (The author of this piece recognizes that, despite the valuable outside help he has received, the proposition remains a tacky one, open to assault from all sides. The author promises that any nitpicker who writes in finding fault either with the suppositions used or conclusions reached will receive, in return, a box of dead spiders.)

Just before Beamon jumped, a weather station in the Olympic Stadium recorded a temperature of 23.5° C, a humidity of 42% and a barometric pres-

continued

sure of 577.8 mm. From this data the density of the air can be calculated to be about 24%, less than on a typical track and field day at sea level. Since the gravity factor of the area is known and Beamon's weight at the time is known (160 pounds), and since the approximate frontal area of a Beamon-sized human is known (8 square feet), and since the drag coefficient of a moving man is known (about 1.0), a physicist can reasonably approximate what effect the thinner air had on Beamon's performance while he was in flight. Presuming his trajectory and horizontal speed at takeoff both to be identical to what he would ordinarily achieve at sea level, Dr. Peter Wegener, professor of applied science at Yale, grossly figures that the effect of lower air density while Beamon was in flight could account for five or 10 cm. of his total jump—or about three inches, to take the mean figure.

Logically, the distance any jumper can travel through the air depends very much on the speed he has attained when he takes off the board. Before a physicist could even roughly calculate the speed advantage Beamon might have had at the board in Mexico City, he would need some data that is not available, notably a fairly accurate idea of Beamon's rate of acceleration on the runway. There has been an acceleration study made of sprinters, but since a jumper does not bolt right out of blocks like a sprinter, the acceleration curve is undoubtedly different—and probably differs considerably from one jumper to another. It is known that world-class jumpers do not reach—indeed, cannot reach—maximum speed in a normal approach of 130 to 140 feet, such as Beamon uses. By running farther a jumper *can* reach a peak speed, but then, on reaching the board, he must suddenly change the action of his legs to get lift, and since there is internal drag in the tendon and muscle of every man—but, oh Lord, let's not get into that. Let us just say that over the years jumpers have gotten their best distance when they hit the board traveling about 95% of maximum. Since Beamon is capable of 9.5 seconds for 100 yards, when he hits the board at sea level he is going about 24 mph, and with the same effort in Mexico City's thin air he is going, at most, 1% faster.

Where, other than right out of a hat, does this theoretical increase of 1% come from? It is based on what other athletes

did at Mexico City. In the long jump there were three other athletes in Beamon's class—Boston, Ter-Ovanesyan and Davies—but their performances prove almost nothing one way or the other. As if Beamon's first spectacular jump was not enough of a dampener for his three important rivals, before any of them took a jump the heavens opened and the rains came. Competing on a rainless day, five men bettered the world triple-jump record at Mexico City. The thin air for certain helped the triple jumpers, but the record they pursued was relatively easier to knock over. In off years not that many competitors exert pressure on the triple-jump mark, which makes it susceptible in times of intense competition like the Olympics. Although world dash records are rarely broken in Olympic Games, at Mexico City the winners of the 400-meter hurdles, the 400-meter dash and the 200-meter dash all ran faster than any man has run at sea level. Taking the winning times in all individual dashes and relays into consideration, and giving no credit for improvement either to the performers themselves or to the track, a 1% increase in speed, at the very most, can be attributed to the thinner air. Assuming all other factors equal, Dr. Wegener concludes that a 1% increase in speed could account at most for 20 cm. of Beamon's distance—about 7½ inches. Thus, even beyond all the benefits gained from the location, Beamon still somehow hung it out there a good foot past the old mark.

The most satisfactory explanation of Beamon's astonishing long jump lies in an analysis of the event itself. Compared to other track and field events, the long jump is an anomaly. Veterans such as Ralph Boston concede that, in terms of technique and training effort, it is the simplest of the common events popular since the turn of this century. Since natural ability counts for a lot and technique for relatively less, there has always been an abundance of long jumpers but, curiously, a dearth of outstanding ones.

The event seems to defy progress. There has been less record-breaking in the long jump than in any other common event, and such improvements as have been made have come erratically. In 1901 an Irishman named Peter O'Connor jumped 24' 11¼", and although he advanced the record by only four inches, his mark lasted for 20 years until an

American, Edwin Gourdin, jumped three and a quarter inches farther. For the next 14 years the record inched forward, until on a glorious, record-smashing day in 1935 Jesse Owens jumped 26' 8½". Although Owens had pushed the record out only six inches, it was enough to last for 25 years.

Usually when one performer breaks a world record in a track or field event, other men, hitherto held back seemingly by a mental barrier, begin exceeding the former mark. Bannister's four-minute mile is the most publicized example. In 1935, when Owens set his long-jump mark, the high-jump record stood at 6' 9½". In the 33 years since, more than 500 high jumpers have exceeded that height—at last count more than 50 men had gone higher than seven feet. Not so in the long jump. In the same 33 years only nine men have jumped past Owens' old 1935 mark.

Although Beamon's jump is by far the most spectacular of any age, the explosiveness of it is not unique. Here and there other jumpers before Beamon have suddenly cut loose with a big one that exceeded everyone's expectations. On the afternoon of May 25, 1963 Phil Shinnick of the University of Washington failed to qualify for the finals of the Big Six Conference Championships in Berkeley, Calif., coming nowhere near his best jump of 25' 5", made only a week before. That evening Shinnick competed in the California Relays at Modesto. After fouling one good jump, on his second try he flew out 27' 4"—1' 11" beyond his best and a quarter inch past the world record then held by Ter-Ovanesyan. A following wind that exceeded the permissible limit might have nullified Shinnick's record, but no one will ever know for sure. When Boston, a certified 27-footer, took his jumps in the same competition, an official was tending the wind gauge, but he had not been tending it when Shinnick, heretofore a journeyman jumper, suddenly came up with his startling leap. The record therefore could not be accepted.

Beamon's long jump in Mexico City can be best described by the English track and field authority, Fredrick Webster. "I was standing close to the pit," Webster relates, "when he thus exceeded by nearly two feet any performance he had done before, and I have never in my life seen a long jumper rise so high or get such an amazing 'lift.' His body

continued

Plymouth



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was back from the hips when he started his 'hitch kick,' and he whipped his trunk up from the waist like lightning. . . ."

The notable thing about Webster's account is that he wrote it more than 40 years ago to describe a jump that was, in some respects, even more surprising than Beamon's. At the 1924 Olympic Games in Paris, a Georgetown University graduate named Robert Le Gendre suddenly "put one all together," going nearly two feet past his best to set a new world record of 25' 5¾". It was a most unusual feat, considering that Le Gendre was not even competing in the Olympic long-jump event. The 1924 U.S. Olympic team was only slightly smaller than the aggregation of Yanks who had gone to France in 1917 on more serious business. Although six long jumpers—four competitors and two spares—were taken to Paris, Le Gendre was not one of them. He was a competent all-rounder, and he had been taken along to compete in the track and field pentathlon, then an Olympic event. It was while earning a bronze medal in the pentathlon that Le Gendre got off his one great long jump.

After weighing Beamon's jump as best it can be weighed, Dr. Wegener comments, "The most truthful thing to say about the jump is that it was an excellent performance by a superb athlete." Ralph Boston concludes, "He honestly put it out there where it will probably stay for a long long time."

Of course, somewhere, on some remote and unexpected day, someone will jump farther than Beamon. Perhaps the new record-breaker will be a lonely yak herder competing in a local meet in the thin chill air of Tibet. Perhaps he will be a UCLA exchange student from Tierra del Fuego who does the impossible by soaring through the dense supersmog of 21st-century Los Angeles. Perhaps he will be an unsung Arab named Omar Komar, who never knew he had talent until his coach put him in a wind tunnel and found that he had a coefficient of drag advantage of 10 to the minus third power. When some record-breaking hero finally does it—around the year 2020 A.D.—he will probably get only faint applause. By then the public will be much more interested in all the unearthly record-smashing that comes out of the first Moon Olympics held under ideal conditions in the dry Sea of Tranquility.

END

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No single play does more to decide the fate of any hand than the opening lead. No single skill counts more in deciding whether you are a winning player. And the science of leading has progressed a long way from such simple guiding precepts as "fourth highest from your longest and strongest suit" or "top of touching honors." Study the bidding of these hands before selecting your lead. If you score below 50 you're too often leading with your chin, 50 to 60 means you're missing too many opportunities to get the jump on the opponents, 61 to 79 puts you on the plus side and 80 or better indicates you rate among bridgedom's leading ladies and gentlemen. As West in all but the last two deals, which card would you choose to lead?

1



SOUTH NORTH
1♠ 2♠
2♥ 3♥
4♥ (All Pass)

What do you lead?

2



SOUTH NORTH
1♥ 1♠
1NT 2♥
(All Pass)

What do you lead?

3



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1♥ OBL (All Pass)

What do you lead?

4



SOUTH NORTH
1NT 2NT
3NT (All Pass)

What do you lead?

5



SOUTH NORTH
1♠ 2♥
3♠ 4♠
4NT 5♠
6♠ (All Pass)

What do you lead?

6



EAST SOUTH WEST NORTH
1♥ 1NT (All Pass)

What do you lead?

7



SOUTH NORTH
1NT 3NT
(All Pass)

What do you lead?

8



SOUTH NORTH
1♠ 1♥
1♠ 4♠
(All Pass)

What do you lead?

9



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
 1♥ PASS 1♦ PASS
 1NT PASS 2NT PASS
 3NT PASS PASS DBL

(All Pass)

What do you lead?

10



WEST NORTH EAST SOUTH
 4♥ DBL 5♥ 5♣
 (All Pass)

What do you lead?

17 Here you are East:



NORTH

EAST



SOUTH NORTH
 1NT 2NT
 3NT (All Pass)

West leads the heart 6. Dummy plays the 5, you win with the ace and South plays the 4. What should you return?

11



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
 1♦ 1♥ 1♠ 4♥
 4♦ 5♣ 5♠ (All Pass)

What do you lead?

12



NORTH SOUTH
 1♠ 1♥
 1♠ 2♥
 (All Pass)

What do you lead?

13



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
 1♥ PASS 3♥ PASS
 6♥ PASS PASS DBL
 (All Pass)

What do you lead?

14



SOUTH NORTH
 1♥ 1♦
 2♦ 3♠
 3NT (All Pass)

What do you lead?

18 Again you are East:



NORTH

EAST



SOUTH NORTH
 1♥ 1♠
 2♠ 3♥
 4♥ (All Pass)

West leads the spade 5. Dummy plays low, you win with the ace and South plays the jack. What should you return?

15



SOUTH NORTH
 1♦ 2♦
 4♣ (All Pass)

What do you lead?

16



SOUTH NORTH
 1♥ 2♦
 2♥ 3♥
 4♥ (All Pass)

What do you lead?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 81

PEOPLE

★ If Pro Golfers **Mason Rudolph** (below) and **Barbara Romack** do not care to talk golf the next time they meet they can chat about unscheduled trips to Cuba. Rudolph was aboard a TWA jet that was hijacked recently. Barbara Romack made the trip in February.

In ceremonies marking the 4-year-old Horse of the Year's retirement from racing, **Dr. Fager** received the key to the city of Ocala, Fla. and was elected an honorary life member of the chamber of commerce. The state agricultural commissioner presented him with a plaque describing him as Ocala's most publicized citizen. Cocktails were served at the stables and, more appropriately, **Ray Graves** and **Jimmy Barnes**, athletic director and track coach at the University of Florida, awarded him a varsity letter in track.

A group of more than 100 European and North American big-game hunters, wildlife scientists, conservationists and hunting guides gathers this week in Monte Carlo for a conference on methods to prevent the extinc-

tion of wildlife species. Among those expected to attend are the president of the Wildlife Management Institute, **Dr. Ira Gabrielson**, **Baron Alain de Rothschild**, French Olympic chief **Comte Jean de Beaumont**, British Conservationist and Ornithologist **Dr. E. M. Nicholson**, **Prince Von Auerberg of Austria**, **Mary Hemingway** and **Texas Governor John Connally**. Governor Connally is the man who went on safari for a TV network last year and shot a lion, a Cape buffalo, a warthog, an impala, a sable, a gazelle, a topi, an oribi and an elephant.

In the same week, **Joe Namath** lost a beard and a lawyer. He parted with the beard of his own free will (for a reported \$10,000 paid him by Schick), but the lawyer went at the wish of **Richard Nixon**, who named **William Rogers** Secretary of State. It is hard on Joe, but Rogers may find the affairs of the U.S. easier to handle than those of Joe Namath.

Mickey Owen, former catcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, is now sheriff of Greene County,

Seat reservations



Mo., where he has been breeding horses. In the course of trying to develop a new strain, Owen recently found himself with a lot of extra mares, all in foal to his walking horse stallion. He announced that he would give away a mare to the first 20 children in the area who asked, provided they would return the foal if it were a filly, and by noon the following day he had received 398 requests. They are still coming in, and the desperate sheriff has promised, "If anyone wants to donate a potty to a kid, I'll see that he gets it."

That six-ton, 15-foot concrete statue of Y. A. Title (SI, Jan. 29) seemed for a while to have finally found a home at Seacrest High School in Delray Beach, Fla. Y. A. had loomed as a permanent fixture in the backyard of Miami Sculptor Don Seiler when the cost of transporting him even across Miami to the Orange Bowl worked out to something like \$3,500. But re-

cently Seacrest High talked an alumnus into footing the bill to deliver the *objet d'art* to the school and erect it at the entrance of the stadium in time for the state championship district playoff game. Perhaps in this age of football injuries it was bound to happen—while the statue was being hoisted into place a cable snapped. So did Y. A.'s concrete legs when he hit the ground. Seacrest lost the football game, too.

While other children of incoming Cabinet members toured Washington and the White House, 15-year-old **Kevin Finch**, son of future Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare **Robert Finch**, stayed home in California and went to basketball practice. Kevin's coach requires 20 laps around the gymnasium for every practice missed. A trip to the nation's capital would have taken a minimum of three days. Young Kevin decided that one lap around the White House was not worth 60 around the track.

★ British Olympic Marathoner **Jim Alder**, standing beneath a seat-reservations sign, had what was a reserved seat all right, but not one reserved for him. Buckingham Palace gave what was described by a palace spokesman as "a stand-up buffet lunch" for the entire British Olympic team. Stand-up it may have been, but in the presence of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, Princesses Margaret, Anne and Alexandra, Prince Charles, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and the Marquess of Exeter, Jim Alder sat down to eat his chicken. On the Queen's throne Alder dropped out of the marathon two months before in Mexico City. Maybe he was still tired.





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BEAT THE QUEEN

BY WILLIAM PÈNE du BOIS

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For 29 years President Coolidge School for Boys had been humiliated by its archrival, and for as long as he could remember Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton had been humiliated, too. A story for children. And others





Fulfilling a Goal

There were two rich birthday cakes at Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton's birthday party—one all for him and the other for his 10 best friends. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton was finishing his cake, licking the frosting off the tiny pink feet of the 14 candles, when the two short-legged chairs he was sitting on broke beneath him. His best friends snickered, giggled, then bellowed with laughter. He hated being made fun of, particularly at his own party, and he stomped out of the dining room. In his fury he forgot to walk sideways like a crab, and he stuck fast in the doorway. Purple with anger, he charged forward, cracking two walls and taking the door frame with him. He puffed and panted upstairs and flung himself face down on his double bed. His bed collapsed with a thunderous crash, and Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton came back through the floor to the dining room in a white plaster cloud, splintering the table he had just left.

"That does it!" said Mrs. Pinkerton.

"Boarding school?" asked Mr. Pinkerton hopefully.

"Boarding school," said Mrs. Pinkerton.

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton howled from the wreckage of his own birthday party. It was a sad cry, like that of a wounded jungle beast. "Oh no, no, no! They'll starve me!"

He was exactly 13 years old, and his whole life was about to change.

The boarding school Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton had picked was President Coolidge School for Boys on Lake Brown Bear near the Canadian border. It was known to boys as a hockey school, which is to say that it was famous for its hockey teams. Its big rival across the frontier, Queen Mary School, was in the south of Canada on Lake Black Otter.

His mother and father had not picked a school famous for hockey because Pat was fast on ice. Not at all. They picked President Coolidge School because it was the only school they had written to that hadn't asked to see a photograph of their son. The school application form didn't go into such things as appetite or whether he was a normal-sized boy. The school asked little more than "to send your son along with plenty of warm woolen clothing."

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton loaded Pat in the back of their padded half-ton truck and drove north on opening day. It was an hour's trip, so they gave Pat a suitcase full of Southern fried chicken for company. Pat sat thinking only black thoughts. He was certain this was the saddest day of his life. It was his fault, though—his being where he was. He had so often been warned: "You break one more thing in this house and off you go to boarding school!" He just managed to finish his chicken suitcase, throwing so many white polished bones out of the back of the truck that a wolf pack could have followed him straight to Lake Brown Bear.

Whenever Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton saw something for the first time, it looked like something to eat. He had to rub his eyes and shake his head to tune in the true picture. When he first looked at the main building of President Coolidge School it looked like a giant strawberry shortcake—heavy on the strawberries and light on the shortcake. It was a lovely sight. It made him feel better. He then crossed his fingers and shook his head for a second look. The school turned into a severe building of red brick with white cement trim. He felt blue all over again.

It seemed to take his mother and father only a minute to join their hands, reach their arms around him and kiss him goodbye. Now he was all alone, abandoned along with 170 other boys.

He was assigned to Room No. 4 in C Dormitory. His first impression was that his room was made of pistachio ice cream with two fat chocolate cookies in the middle. He then noticed something he hadn't thought about—a roommate, who seemed to be a skinny chicken in a turtle-neck sweater.

He rubbed and shook himself again and found he was in a plain apple-green room with two small polished brown tables. His roommate jumped to his feet, gave Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton a rather curious look, then introduced himself. "My name is

Jim Finger. My friends nicknamed me One-Point-Two-Five. I was going to take the lower bunk, but on second thought I'll take the upper. Welcome aboard. What position do you play?"

"I don't play any position," said Pat.

"I'm a second-year man," said Jim Finger. "You didn't ask, but they call me One-Point-Two-Five because I play goal on the hockey team. I'm the best goalie this school has ever seen. That's what they tell me. I allowed only a hair over one goal per game last season. One-Point-Two-Five average. Get it? Up Coolidge! Beat the Queen!" he shouted. And he danced a crazy jig, ending up with a split.

"What time is dinner?" Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton asked.

"When the gong bongs," Jim Finger answered. "What's your name?"

"Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton. I have no nickname," he added, blushing red at the lie. From babyhood he'd been called everything from Fats to Piggy, Tubby, Porky and Amplegut.

"Porko von Popbution," Jim Finger announced, grinning. He turned and stared out the window. "Great name. Rhymes with Ludwig van Beethoven, rhymes with Baron von Richthofen. Is there a touch of the Teston in your ancestry?"

"My name is not Porko von Popbution," Pat stamped his foot in anger. "It's Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton! And there's no touch of anything. . . ." The gong binged, and he lost his train of thought. "Follow me, Porko," said Jim Finger. "I'll lead you to the horse trough. And remember, no body checking in the dining hall."

They ran down the halls, then slowed down when they reached the top of the main staircase. A stiff tradition at President Coolidge School insisted that "young gentlemen walk downstairs one at a time, slowly." When they reached ground level, they again raced through the halls and out the side entrance, body checking each other as they ran, belting war whoops about beating the Queen. Body checking is a defensive move in hockey in which a player either rams his shoulder into his opponent's body to break up a play or simply to send the opponent sprawling. A few boys tried body checking Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton, but they bounced off and came out worse than Pat, who charged straight on toward dinner.

The dining hall was in a pretty white wood building with white shutters. It first looked to Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton like a moist coconut layer cake, and he was so hungry he didn't bother to shake off the picture and correct it.

Then a terrible thing happened. Just as Pat reached the dining hall the boys turned right and ran around to the back of the building and up a nasty steep hill that was slippery and gnarled with roots. The top of this hill overlooked Lake Brown Bear. Once at the top the boys lined up facing the lake. There was a hushed silence, then they bowed and shouted "BEAT THE

QUEEN!" The cheer bounced off surrounding mountains, echoing three times:

BEAT THE QUEEN!

BEAT THE QUEEN!

BEAT THE QUEEN!

They then plummeted down the hill heiter-skelter-tripping, rolling, tumbling, screaming-picked themselves up and barreled around the white building and back up the hill. They repeated the run not once, not twice, but three times. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton, who had been up front at first, was now grunting and gasping, far behind. He was with four other new boys—all chubby, all red with rage, all fit to be tied.

The tables in the dining hall seated nine-eight boys, four on either side, and a master at the head. When the boys finally came to a stop at the dining-room door, they were assigned to their seats for eating. The fastest arrived first and, being the best athletes, they had the privilege of sitting at what was known as "Tilly's Table." Mr. George Tilghman was both headmaster of President Coolidge School and head coach of the hockey team. This was his table, and it was raised a step higher than the others. Jim Finger sat at Tilly's Table, and he and the seven other boys wore superior faces as they looked down at the lesser tables filling up.

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton and the four bulgy leftovers—all shiny with sweat—were seated last. They were assigned to a table at the head of which sat Mademoiselle Régime, a French nurse who was head of the infirmary and supervisor of the kitchen. She looked tall and strict. She sat straight as a West Pointer, and she had a proud nose like Charles de Gaulle's. Watching Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton pull out two chairs to sit on, she slowly shook her head and said in an accent as French as soft Camembert cheese, "Zees weel nevair do, mon ami. We must quickly then you down to one chair!" To Pat it sounded like the voice of doom.

At home his chair legs were sawed off low so that his mouth would be closer to his food. Here he was sitting high, with his fat legs wedged under the table, and he could hardly see his plate beyond his tummy.

Mademoiselle Régime served the boys. She gave Pat a dry lettuce leaf, a raw carrot and an apple for dessert. He sneaked a look at other tables. A welcome-to-school dinner of steak with French-fried potatoes, salad and pie à la mode was being eaten with a contented clacking of silverware. He quickly checked on the less fat fellows at his side. They were crunching the same miserable dinner as he—rabbit food. He, Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton, was sitting at the diet table!

He was munching on his apple core when he overheard a rude remark about "the overblown blimp with the two chairs." He spun quickly to Tilly's Table, just in time to hear Jim Finger announce with a grin, "He's Porko von Popbution, my

continued

roomy." As giggles exploded—cut short by Mr. Tilghman—salty tears squirted from Pat's eyes.

"Say, Porko, you look positively sick," said Jim Finger with his grin, up in their room. "Aren't you feeling well, Baby?" Looking out the window, he added, "I guess I should have warned you that the last guys to reach dining hall always get the diet treatment. Nothing like food to cut a guy's wind, eh, Fats Baby? Cigarettes and food. Butts and nuts."

Pat said nothing.

His mother had asked him to write home the first night to let her know how he was getting along. While telling him this she had stuffed paper and a stamped, addressed envelope into his coat pocket. He had said, "Oh, sure, Mom," then dismissed the thought. Now he just had to send an S O S.

How can I send a telegram?" he asked Jim Finger.

"Telegram?" One-Point-Two-Five asked. The grin spread across his thin face. He turned and looked out the window again. "Go see Mademoiselle Regame at the infirmary. She'll send one for you." He turned around to see Pat's reaction.

Pat had stood up. He sat down. He grabbed his sheet of paper and with a trembling hand wrote in angry letters:

Dear Mom and Dad,

I warned you they'd starve me! Well, they're starving me! If you love me, send FOOD! Quick! Yours in haste, haste, HASTE!

Pat

He stuffed the note in the envelope, slobbered on the glue, pounded it shut and waddled off to look for a mailbox.

When he came back Jim Finger had finished unpacking and was hanging pop-art posters on the walls of the room, each with the message BEAT THE QUEEN! Pat noticed that Jim had selected the dresser with the uncracked mirror and had chosen all the wooden hangers in the closet, leaving Pat a few bent wire ones with sloping shoulders.

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton started unpacking. He had mounted some particularly rich food pictures from the pages of *Woman's Day* on stiff paper, but he felt too sad to hang them. He had found earlier that he could only truly enjoy them—without envy—or a full stomach. A glimpse of them in his suitcase was too hard to take, and he quickly flipped them upside down and stuffed an overcoat on top of them. Besides, Jim Finger would have made rotten remarks about them.

Young One-Point-Two-Five had unrolled an oil-cloth diagram—six feet wide and four feet high—and

had tacked it on the far wall of the room opposite the window. It represented the opening of a hockey goal cage. He fastened a big bell to the wall in each corner of the diagram and attached two smaller bells—one just where the goalie's head would be when he was bent over in position head-on, the other where his skates would be in center-goal position. Each bell represented a difficult spot to defend in goaltending. Jim Finger then slowly put on his goalkeeper's equipment, all 28 pounds of it—body pads, shoulder pads, arm pads, overstuffed leg pads, mammoth gloves—the works, except for skates. He took his stick and practiced a few splits in front of the diagram of the cage. He felt the limits of the diagram with his great gloves. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton was trying to ignore all this, but without much success.

Jim Finger took six beanbags from his bottom dresser drawer, tossed them to Pat and said, "O.K., Porko Baby, try ringing a bell with one of these beanbags. Stand over there by the window. Wing 'em in, Fats Baby. Sneak up on me if you want. Wing 'em in. Be cunning, be fast, be mean! Ring those bells, Popbutton Baby, ring those bells!"

"What kind of beans are in these bags?" Pat asked.

Jim Finger exploded. "Well, that beats all!" he screamed. "You eat one of my bags and I'll stick you like a pig, understand?"

"What do you think I am?" Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton asked.

"You are what you are, all 10 tons of yna," Jim shouted back. "What kind of beans?" he muttered under his breath. "That's gotta beat all!"

At that exact moment Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton had built up the most ferocious anger of his entire life. He wound up like a windmill and started underhanded beanbags at Jim Finger as hard as he could.

One-Point-Two-Five, talking aloud to himself, stopped everything. He blocked the first beanbag with his body, quickly freezing it to his chest with his gloved hand. He stopped a low one with a half split, smothering it on the floor when it bounced out before him. He followed every move Pat made, keeping an eye on the beanbag. When Jim side-stepped or sidestepped across the mouth of the goal, he shifted his stick instantly to have a quick hand free to cover the portion of the goal left open.

"Watch him, Jim Baby, watch that position," Jim Finger said aloud to himself, keeping up the steady chatter. "Don't lose it, Baby, he's fat but he's fast; he's dumb but he's dangerous; great stop, Jimbo Baby; great guards, great movement. Let that one go, Jimbo," he said of a poor throw. "He's mad and he's bad, can't even hit the cage. He's a child and he's wild. He's sneakin' up on you, Jimbo Baby. Position; eyes! He's up close; watch 'im, Jimbo, stick check!"

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton let out a howl.

From way up close he'd tried to fling one into a

THE AUTHOR

William Fene de Box has been a noted writer and illustrator of children's books for 39 years. This story and its drawings will be published as a book by Harper & Row in 1969 under the title *Porko von Popbutton*.



low corner. Just as the beanbag left his hand, Jim Finger batted it with his goalie stick, sending it off to one side of the room, and also batting four of Pat's fat fingers, including the thumb.

"Sorry about that, Porko," Jim Finger said.

Pat's face was a map of pain. He was shaking, wringing and twisting. Nothing seemed to help.

Jim Finger went to his dresser, opened the top drawer and pulled out a box with a bright Confederate flag on its top. "Here, Fats Baby, my old Uncle Mint Julep airmailed me this as a goodbye present. It's two whole pounds of genuine rich pralines imported from the heart of the Southland." He put his huge gloved hand on his heart and sang:

New Orleans, land o' dreams,

You'll never know how nice it seems

Or just how much it really means . . .

"You all take 'em, Popbutton Baby. Go hide behind some bush and gorge yourself."

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton snatched the box with his sore red fingers and ran grunting out of the room.

"Phew!" Jim Finger said aloud to no one. "Some of those fat babies are fast. He must have pitched softball."

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton returned a few minutes later with brown sugar rounding out the corners of his mouth. His hand seemed better, but now he was limping. On his way out of the building he had run into a frantic indoor hockey game up and down one of the wider linoleum halls. The players were using small hockey sticks with felt-covered blades and a light wooden puck. They wore sneakers. He'd tried to dance his way through but had been whacked on the shins a few times.

"What kind of a dumb school is this anyhow?" he asked Jim Finger.

"Watch your tongue, new boy," Jim Finger said from his upper bunk. "This just so happens to be the school that this year will beat the unbeatable Queen Mary School. And we're going to beat those Canadian babies on the shimmering fields of Grand Old Lake Black Otter. That is to say, we're going to beat those Canadian babies right in their own shimmering backyard. The game is away this year."

"How'd you make out last year?" Pat asked.

There was silence from the upper bunk.

"I said, how did we make out last year against the Queen?" Pat repeated.

"Listen straight, Porko, and try to get it right the first time. We don't speak about that game, understand? We played eight games last year and won seven. They call me One-Point-Two-Five, and I told you why.

"I had seven shutouts; then we played the Queen. Now button your lip, Popbutton, you're spoiling my daydreams."

A bell rang and the lights went out. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton undressed and went to bed. Slowly his brain pondered the problem in arithmetic. It wasn't exactly his best subject; he had no best subjects. He finally figured out President Coolidge had lost 10-0—ten to zero!

And the school hoped to win this year?

What a dumb school!

And who cared anyway?

A year at President Coolidge School was like a year at any other school. It opened with football and soccer, moved on to hockey and basketball, and closed after tennis, track and baseball. That year the football team won two games and lost six. The soccer team won eight and lost none. The hockey players all played soccer, using the game to strengthen their legs, improve their wind and work out plays that they thought might be useful on ice.

Jim Finger held daily practice beanbag sessions with Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton in their room. Pat found them boring, but he was now totally under Jim Finger's thumb—his fat slave Jim was two years older than Pat but shorter. Jim Finger also had the second-highest marks in the school, which did not seem to make him more amiable.

Pat didn't eat very much in the dining hall, but

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he managed cleverly to eat plenty elsewhere and stay huge. When one puts all one's thoughts into one idea, one can accomplish great things. Mademoiselle Régime was at a loss to explain him. All the other fat boys at her table had thinned down and left to join the regulars, Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton alone remained at her table—just three chairs.

If he claimed to have no nicknames his first day at school, he now had the biggest collection on the campus. Porke von Popbutton was the most used. Mademoiselle Régime called him Ben Appetite or Freddy Fromage, depending on her mood. His English teacher, who happened to be English, called him Sir Cumerfence Garth. Some boys tried on Ample Andy for size—the name lasted two weeks. It was followed by Blumpy Splitseam, Mack O'Reany, Fatty Unbuckle, John Swillerton Hogwash and Oink-Oink Morchow.

Late one afternoon—feeling sad and fed up, walking alone, kicking the devil out of some poor stone in his path—he heard a soft voice call out, "Pat."

He had become so unused to hearing his own name, he didn't even think to turn around.

"Pat Pinkerton," he heard, louder.

He still didn't react.

"Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton," the voice came back. His complete name tweaked his brain. He turned slowly, suspiciously, and to his great embarrassment found he was being spoken to by Mr. George Tilghman, the headmaster.

He straightened up quickly and blushed. "Excuse me. I didn't recognize my own name, sir. I guess."

"Poor Pat," Mr. Tilghman said, "has it come to that?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, nothing, Pat," said Mr. Tilghman. "I have been going over a list of prospects lately and have decided you'd make a fine manager for the hockey team."

"Me?" Pat asked aghast, pointing to himself as if still not certain who he was.

"I know you could do it," said Mr. Tilghman. "Anyway, you'd be shown as you went along. Would you like the job?"

Pat stood quite stunned, then broke into a half-moon grin. "Would I?" he shouted. "Oh thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"You are welcome. And if you do your job well, you'll get your letter at the end of the season just like any other good player."

"Thank you again, sir. I'll do my best," Pat said. He waddled off, walking on clouds, blimplike, to tell Jim Finger. He found him in his upper bunk.

"Guess who's the new hockey manager?" he boomed.

Jim Finger squirmed uneasily in his bunk, as though his entire life had been disturbed by the dumbness of the question. "Some clown, no doubt," he



sighed, without bothering to look up from *Med* magazine. "Tilly always picks a pathetic boobnick who feels sorry for himself." He rolled over in his bunk, facing the wall. "Now button it, Popbutton. You bore me." He yawned outrageously.

Pat came crashing back to earth with a thump. He looked as sad as a broken umbrella. He walked over to the window and stared blankly into space. The low winter sun bit him squarely in the eyes and made him turn around. He then saw an amazing thing. His shadow was cast on Jim Finger's diagram of a hockey goal cage, and it completely filled the opening. He looked at Jim Finger, who was still facing the wall, deep in his magazine. He tiptoed up close to the goal cage, moving his arms up and down and his legs out sideways. His shadow shrunk quite a bit, but it still left little space for a player to shoot at. He sat at his table and scribbled a letter home. He asked his parents to send him a complete set of goalie equipment in his size.

"Another S O S for CARE packages?" Jim Finger asked, rolling over in the upper bunk.

"Maybe," Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton answered. He sealed the envelope rather secretly—like a spy—and sneaked off to mail it special delivery.

Snow came first, then a light coating of ice covered Lake Brown Bear, then more snow, then finally *The Day* came—the lake was pronounced safe for skating. Old Jack, the school's head handyman, was the official ice tester. He had a secret method for test-

ing ice, handed down from father to son, handyman to handyman, as though Old Jack and each of his ancestors felt every American in the U.S.A. was out to get his job. But when he said the ice was safe, it was safe for small boys, elephants and Sherman tanks.

The day Old Jack made his grand announcement was declared a "job holiday" by Headmaster Tughman. After the cheering had subsided, all of the boys lined up with snow shovels on the hill overlooking Lake Brown Bear.

Another President Coolidge School tradition followed. The six boys of the hockey first team, which, of course, included Jim Finger, went onto the lake. Skating in a tight pattern like a team of skywriters, they wrote the words BEAT THE QUEEN in huge letters with their snow shovels. They then left the lake, their work finished. They were followed by the nine other players on the squad, who shoveled the snow out of the middle of the letters so you could still, more or less, read the message. They skated off, and then the ordinary boys finished the hard work of clearing the lake.

The sun was beaming and bounced off the lake in a blinding glare. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton watched the ceremony, moved, but all along secretly thinking, "Just slap some hot chocolate sauce on all that lovely stuff, and I'd soon have it spooned off."

Once the lake was cleared of snow, Old Jack and his crew fitted together rink boards, making three rinks—one in the shade of the mountain for home games only, one practice rink for the first squad and a smaller one for lower-school brat games. Hockey practice started that afternoon. Non-players were allowed to skate outside the rinks.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton had thought it strange the school didn't furnish Pat with the expensive goalie equipment for which he'd written.

"He's such a big boy," Mr. Pinkerton said with a note of pride, "that must be why. Our Pat is man-sized, you know."

"And our darling dumpling has found a new interest," Mrs. Pinkerton added, beaming. It was the first letter from Pat that hadn't demanded food or money. They bundled the equipment off at once.

The package arrived the day after hockey practice started. Pat rushed it up to try it on. He stood admiring his shadow against Jim Finger's hockey-goal diagram. The pads fattened him out even more. He was busy testing the moves he'd seen Jim Finger make so often when Jim walked in, totally unexpected. He took one look at Pat and pretended to faint. He reeled around the room grasping his throat and crumpled up on the floor, moaning, "Good grief, it's the Blob, the Blob hives, the Blob lives!"

"Very funny," Pat said. Then in a tough voice, protected by some 35 pounds of padding, he added, "O.K., One-Point-Two-Five, get your beanbags. Stand

over there by that window and wing 'em in. Come on, Jimbo Baby, ring those bells!"

"You?" Jim Finger shouted scornfully. "Perko von Popbutton? Don't waste my time, you man-ager!" Then he paused.

He looked curiously at Pat standing there in front of his goal diagram. He looked at him with that circular motion of the head that Pat had noticed when he first met Jim. He pulled open his bottom dresser drawer, took out the beanbags and said simply, "Ready, Perko?"

"Ring those bells, Jimbo Baby." He bent over in position—knees flexed—limbering up, fat and loose. "Be fast, be mean!"

Jim fired the first six in rapid succession. Pat looked clumsy, but no bells rang. Jim threw six more. Still no bells. Six more. Six sloppy stops, but no bells. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton started the chatter, "Grent moves, Pat Baby. He's got class and he's fast, but he can't pass the mass. Position. Patsy Boy. Eyes. He's quick and you're slick." He did a seam-ripping split and flopped on a beanbag. "Fall on it, Pinky Baby. That's the way. Smother it, Pinky Boy. . ."

"Watch that Pinky stuff," Jim Finger interrupted. "There's just one Finger in hockey, and that's old One-Point-Two-Five."

"Sorry, Jumbo Baby. Sorry, Jimbo Boy. Wing 'em in, Baby!"

"I'm sneakin' up, Fats," said Jim. He tried two up close, but somehow Pat managed to block them. He covered so much of the area he didn't have to move much. Just then Jim cocked his head and asked no one, "Didn't I hear the gong bong?" Pat turned sideways for a second. Beanbags whizzed past him. Four bells rang—one in each corner of the goal cage.

"See that?" said Jim Finger. "No concentration. You'll never make it!"

"Never make what?" Pat grumbled, furious with himself.

Jim slowly put the beanbags away, shaking his head from side to side. He vaulted into his upper bunk. "You'll never make it," he repeated. He let out a huge yawn of boredom and snuggled his head in his pillow. "No concentration. Some kid will peel a chocolate bar up in the audience and zing, red light, score!" He pretended to sleep for a while, then leaned out of his bunk. "Say, Perko, can you skate?" he asked.

"I get by," Pat answered.

There was another pause.

"What I mean to say," said Jim, "is that there are two little ponds with grass pushing up through the ice in the woods beyond the lake. They're known as the Cub Ponds. You might want to sneak up there by yourself and break in that great goalie stuff. It looks too new the way it is, too stiff."

"Thanks, I will," said Pat.

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"And I'll work you out some more here," Jim added.

Pat felt overwhelmed. It was the first nice thing Jim Finger had ever said to him. It made his day. He moved his new pads, took a tin of plum pudding from his secret store of goodies and shuffled off to celebrate.

The hockey season followed the pattern set the year before. The first seven games were played against the five toughest school teams in the U.S. and two college freshman teams. President Coolidge School swept them all impressively.

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton made an adequate manager. Jim Finger gave him severe shaping-up talks in their room the morning of each game away from school, making certain none of the players' needs would be overlooked—from complete uniforms to soap and towels. Hockey players are tough to get along with the day of a game. Pat made a fine fat target to pick on, great for relieving tension. He took a beating from the whole team every game. He became fair at packing and unpacking the team bus. He got a secret thrill out of packing his own goalie equipment along with the team's, but that was as close as he ever got to the ice. One bonus the job offered he hadn't known about was that he was responsible for providing sweet hot tea with lemon and hot chocolate between periods for the players. He was also in charge of energy boosters for players during the game—glucose candy bars, fig newtons, raisin crackers, oatmeal cookies. Considering he was a nonplayer, he managed to cram enough energy boosters down himself each game for a person to ride up the Eiffel Tower on a bicycle. He liked games away from school because there was usually a good meal served, without Mademoiselle Régime.

For weeks President Coolidge was building up its fever pitch to meet Queen Mary. BEAT THE QUEEN had been carved in snow in letters huge enough to cover their biggest mountain. The face of the austere statue of President Coolidge in front of the main building was daubed with war paint; turkey feathers were glued to its head and a tomahawk was strapped to its upraised hand. The book carried in the statue's left hand was given the title *Vincite Regnam* in fluorescent letters. Bonfires and pep rallies, war dances, flags, posters, painted bed sheets—everything proclaimed that this was to be victory year. This was curious because in the 29-year history of the encounter Queen Mary had won 29 games. President Coolidge zero. Twenty-nine drubbings. Twenty-nine shutouts!

Still, the international flavor of the game made it most exciting. Each boy on the team felt part ambassador, part soldier off to make history. This feeling was encouraged by a yearly telegram from the White House.

The morning of the day they were to leave for

the Canadian border, Headmaster George Tilghman held a final meeting in the gymnasium locker room. He told the boys what to expect from their hosts at Lake Black Otter. "You will note," he said, "that whereas the words BEAT THE QUEEN are to be seen everywhere on our campus, you won't find a single BEAT COOLIDGE up there. This does not mean that they do not take us seriously. You can well believe they do. This is as much their big game as it is ours. Their signs are up, but they will take them down just before we arrive. It's their way of making us feel unimportant. You will be received graciously, in a very friendly fashion. The game will be treated as if it were a pleasant romp. Don't be fooled. Don't let your guard down. They're tough and they play to win!"

"Another thing," he continued. "There'll be a banquet in our honor tonight, the eve of the game. When we are their hosts at President Coolidge, we serve a banquet of, let us say, lean grilled steak, green leafy vegetables, toast, salad, fruit for dessert—a training-table meal. They have a French-Canadian chef at Queen Mary. The steak will be there, but alongside will be a gravy boat full of rich béarnaise sauce. The leafy vegetables will be there side by side with bushels of French-fried potatoes. The salad will be there side by side with a cheese platter as big as a manhole cover. The fruit will be there side by side with a mountain of éclairs. Do you get the message? I think you do. It will be up to you to steer a lean, President Coolidge course through this sea of temptation!"

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton drooled with anticipation. He planned to steer a fat, President Taft course, plowing through the béarnaise sauce, French-fried potatoes and cheese, and running aground on a mountain of éclairs.

Headmaster Tilghman then gave the team his famous "Napoleon's Letters to His Marshals" speech. He first praised each player to the skies, one at a time. He had a remarkable memory for brilliant bits of play during the season—spectacular shots, spectacular saves, great body checks, great stick-handling. Then, when each player had left his seat and was floating 10 feet off the ground, triumphant fanfares ringing in his ears, he brought them all back to the hard locker-room benches with a great loud "BUT," followed by a string of withering insults. This odd oration made the players furious. They charged out of the locker room and into the bus—growling, snarling, filled with fight—ready to give their all to BEAT THE QUEEN.

Headmaster Tilghman's briefing had been precisely correct. The team was greeted with politeness and indifference. One of the Canadian youths who acted as guide asked, "What's the name of your school again, old boy? President Coolidge? Curious name. That must be in the States, eh, old boy? We

thought you chaps only played field hockey down there." The visitors, already angry enough, got boiling mad.

In the dining hall there were black wooden shields on which the results of games in previous years were printed in gold. The name PRESIDENT COOLIDGE jumped off these shields on the losing end of each previous game, having been regilded just the day before. It was a subtle put-down.

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton ate the biggest meal of his lifetime. With all the fattening food at his table left untouched by his teammates, he let himself go all out. He was munching on his 11th cream puff when a voice behind him with a French accent said, "Zee cream poofs are délicieux, are zey not, mon ome?" Thinking Mademoiselle Régime had suddenly appeared to haunt him, he coughed a mouthful halfway across the dining hall. He turned to find a small, smiling French-Canadian boy. He decided he'd eaten enough and leaned back to catch his breath.

There was the sound of a gong, followed by hushed silence. The time had come for the flipping of the coin. The ceremony took place at the headmaster's table. As the visitor, Headmaster Tilghman was honored with the flipping.

The coin was a curious one. It was large and silver, and it had a shining sun on one side and a cloud on the other. It was a Sol o Sombra (Sun or Shade) coin, bought near the bullring in Barcelona, Spain.

Headmaster Tilghman flipped it high, and it came down cloudy-side up. "Sombrol!" the Queen Mary headmaster announced. There was a grunt from the Canadian boys. The result had been a great break for President Coolidge. It meant that for two of the three periods which make up a hockey game President Coolidge School would play with the sun at its back. The headmasters stood, shook hands and wished each other luck.

On the day of a big game hockey players eat a hearty breakfast and skip lunch altogether. It's a good idea, except that most players are too tense to eat much of anything. Not so Pat, the nonplaying manager. He had managed to stretch his stomach the night before by having eaten enough for six boys. He was up and ready to go at it again next morning. It would be indiscreet to describe what he ate. Two Canadian boys became quite ill just from watching him. They turned green before rushing off together, bent double.

The setting for the game was magnificent and the ice surface perfect. The reason there was sun on one end of the rink was that this was the last game of the season, winter was nearly over and the sun was higher in the sky. The days were also getting warmer. It was just about freezing temperature in the sun and not much cooler in the shade.

Bustloads of boys from President Coolidge School arrived and formed a fair-sized cheering section in

the stands. Seemingly before any player could seat himself, the game was under way. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton—caught up in the nervous atmosphere—bustled himself brewing tea and hot chocolate and stuffing himself with energy boosters.

In a display of rash contempt for President Coolidge, Queen Mary sent a four-man line up front from the first face-off, leaving only a defenseman and the goalie to protect its goal. The team's style of play was European. It passed beautifully in fast patterns, avoiding much body contact. In the first period the puck was entirely at the President Coolidge end of the rink. When the American boys got the puck, the Canadians were able to skate backward as fast as the Americans could bring it up. The President Coolidge had a tough time even bringing the puck to midrink. As soon as it had, Queen Mary would quickly take it away and mount its dazzling four-man attack.

Jim Finger was having a busy afternoon. Not only was he being bombarded from all angles, but his defensemen were backed up near the mouth of his cage, making it difficult to follow the puck.

And Jim Finger was superb!

He was having a brilliant on day. Not only did he handle every shot, he never lost control of the puck after a stop. Then, just as the horn blew ending the first period, an accident happened. A low, stinging shot bounced from his stick to the point of his jaw, right on the button. Jim Finger fell forward, flat on his face and on the puck. He was out cold. Gus, the team's trainer, worked feverishly on him behind a circular hedge of players, then signaled for a stretcher. A spontaneous standing ovation by both schools escorted poor Jim Finger off the ice.

As he was carried near Headmaster Tilghman, Jim Finger stirred on his stretcher. He raised his head slightly and muttered in a raspy voice, "Send in Porko von Popbutton."

Headmaster Tilghman looked at him sadly, then looked at the trainer. "Take good care of this fine boy, Gus!" he ordered.

Seeing his message wasn't getting through, Jim Finger propped himself up on his elbows and repeated forcefully, "Send in Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton." He fell back flat on the stretcher from the effort.

It was the first time Pat had heard Jim say his real name. He opened his mouth, and out fell a huge oatmeal cookie he'd managed to wedge in. "He knows my name," Pat mumbled stupidly.

Headmaster Tilghman looked from Jim to Pat, then back to Jim again. Then he, too, gave Pat that curious circular look, his eyes rolling around Pat's outline. "Have you pads, Pat, by any chance?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton answered.

"Well, get 'em on fast," the headmaster said. "Help him," he shouted to two players.

Pat went to the locker room. He was too nervous and

continued

excited to put on his 35 pounds of goalie equipment all by himself. On this winter day in Canada, sweat was squirting from his fat body, streaming off his round face. "I've got to hold 'em for Jim," he muttered aloud. "Got to lock it up tight for Old Jumbo." Then he warmed up his pater, still sitting there on a locker-room bench, two players struggling with his skates, one working feverishly on each of his fat feet. "Great moves, Pat Baby. Great eyes, Pat Boy. They're quick as a jet, but they can't find the net. Position, Patterino. They've got class and they're fast, but they can't pass the mass. Great stop, Patsy Baby. Smother it, Patsy Boy! Concentrate!" he screamed. At his feet his helpers looked at each other and slowly shook their heads in total disbelief. The one-minute warning whistle blew. Too stunned to move, the two players sat on the floor and watched Pat waddle off into the bright outdoors, his wobbly ankles flopping inward, then outward, the steady chatter pouring from his lips.

As Pat went by his former stand, he threw a scorching cup of hot chocolate down his throat like a cowboy at a saloon heading for a showdown. He stuffed his fat face with fig newtons and, choking and coughing crumbs, he glided in elephantine strides to the mouth of his cage in the late winter sun.

An explosion of Canadian laughter greeted his appearance.

The President Coolidge School boys, used to seeing Pat, were at first puzzled by the laughter, then furious. They'd been badly outplayed in the first period. They'd been kidded from the moment they hit the Queen Mary campus. Their star goalie, to whom they owed so much, had been knocked cold.

The team captain called for a fast huddle and muttered, "Let's show these Canadian babies the kind of field hockey we Yanks play down there in the United States, eh Old Boy?" The remark was greeted with a unanimous grunt, and the players headed for their positions with fire in their eyes.

The first time the four-man Canadian line streaked toward the American goal, two body checks sent two Canadians off their feet, crashing into the rink boards. Seconds later the puck was at the Canadian end for the first time in the game. The President Coolidge team was clicking and playing with all-out fury. It kept the puck at the Canadian end and got off a few fine shots, but didn't score.

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton, that great hot blob of calories, stoked with energy, eyes fixed on the puck, was radiating steamy clouds of chatter in the brisk Canadian air. "Jim Finger knew my name all the time!" he shouted aloud to nobody. "Eyes, Patsy Baby. Position, Patsy Boy! Concentrate!"

Suddenly from the mess of players around the opposite goal, that four-man Canadian line appeared, straight as Rockettes, flying down the rink, zipping the puck in clicking passes, one to three to two to four, as they charged forward to test Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton.

Pat's defensemen backed up in front of his cage, and the American forward line scrambled back in panic. A defenseman blocked the first shot, then Pat stopped three hard ones in a row before flopping on a fourth, which he gathered up under him like a fat hen squashing a chick. "Smother it, Pat Baby. Freeze it, Pat Boy!" Following the face-off, he received a barrage of vicious slap shots from up close that stung him—arms, body, thighs. He stopped them all. He was clumsy as ever, splitting, flop-



ping, side-sprawling, shrieking to himself. The ice under him and in the goal crease—a small outlined area in front of his cage—was turning to slush from his great heat.

They didn't score.

President Coolidge finally stole the puck and nursed it to the Canadian end of the rink with passes and desperate skating. Then a whistle stopped the game. A referee had noticed a bit of snow piled up in front of the American goal. It wasn't Pat's fault. He wasn't even aware of it, but it was against the rules. A Canadian boy skated out with a snow shovel and cleared the mouth of the goal. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton found himself standing in a slight indentation, down a bit lower than the other players.

After the face-off the Americans kept the puck up at the Canadian end for a long time. Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton—soaked with sweat, alone at his end of the rink, chatting wildly to himself in the sun—was startled by an ominous thunk sound right under his feet. At the same time he seemed to feel his right leg grow somewhat longer than his left. He looked to the audience on either side of the rink. All eyes were on the action at the Canadian end. He kept up the chatter.

Pat withstood one more long assault on his goal before the horn blew ending the period. He sighed with relief, happy to skate out of the sun, rest his sore ankles and grab a well-earned snack.

Between periods Headmaster Tilghman gave the team one last pep talk. "We're minutes away from the end of the game," he said. "Are we minutes away from our 30th defeat? Are we minutes away from our first tie? Or are we minutes away from our first victory?"

The players growled and snarled.

"Now in the first period," the headmaster continued, "Jim Finger—who is up and about—made 39 saves while the Canadian goalie made none. In the second period Pat made 23 saves while the Canadian goalie made 14. That's a good trend. I want to see a third period in which we score and take this game!"

The players sent forth grunts and snorts.

"Now get out there and BEAT THE QUEEN!"

The players leaped howling to their skates and tipped back to battle.

The Queen Mary School players seemed to have been inspired to a similar effort to BEAT COOLIDGE! After the face-off they grabbed the puck and sent all five men up the ice, leaving only their goalie alone, standing back in Pat's indentation. The third period rapidly became a repeat of the first period—all the action at Pat's end. The American boys, swamped by the faster-skating Canadians, didn't seem able to put anything together to get the puck up the ice. Pat was taking terrible punishment. His patter became gibberish. He was flopping and floundering in his cage like a wounded sea lion.

But they didn't score.

Then it happened.

There were just seconds to go, and Headmaster Tilghman sent in his best front line with shouted instructions to get the puck out of there!

They did.

Three body checks sent three Canadians sprawling. Suddenly the whole American team was scrambling up the rink toward the sunlit goal. An easy shot went wide of the goal. The Canadians chased back up to their own end. Eleven boys were fighting up there in the sunshine. It was the Canadian goalie's turn to take a pounding. There was a free puck in front of the goal. A Canadian player shot it toward the American end. It bounced off another player and came to a stop midrink. There was a thunderous crack. The Canadian goalie, two Canadian players, the American center and the left wing slowly went down together on a raft of ice into the dark waters of Lake Black Otter. The referee and linesmen rushed to help. There was another roaring crack, and down they went, too. Players scattered off the ice, vaulting the rink boards like panicky bullfighters. The skunked players and officials pushed each other back up on the ice and wriggled to the rink boards, where they were hauled in.

But out there, with his eyes still fixed on the puck, was Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton. He was alone—just Pat, the puck, half a rink and a great sunny hole he'd helped melt. The clock showed seven seconds to go.

Bruised and battered, Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton continued his patter, softly at first, then louder and louder. "Come on, Pat Baby. Come on, Pat Boy. Win it, Pat Baby. Take all the marbles, Pat Boy." Skating on those ridiculous wobbly ankles, a look of ferocious concentration on his shiny sweaty face, he headed up the rink, ice cracking in spider-web patterns beneath him. "Do it, Patsy Baby. Do it, Patsy Boy!" With the taped heel of his clumsy goalie stick he caressed the puck, lining it up with the Queen Mary goal. He shot the puck—a flip shot. There was a whock and a splash, and Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton went straight down like a stone. All eyes watched the puck as it followed a rainbow course, wobbling end over end off the ice, over the water, right into the net. The cage slowly leaned over backward, the soles of its icy feet rising above the surface. It sunk to the bottom of Lake Black Otter, carrying in its net one regulation hockey puck.

The horn blew.

The game was over.

President Coolidge School—1.

Queen Mary School—0.

The audience, open-mouthed and strangely silent, turned to look for Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton.

There he was, floating in the lake, tummy up—spouting ice water like a whale, cool at last!

Deafening applause disturbed his comfort; and at that moment Porke von Popbatten was no more.

continued





Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton arrived at President Coolidge School early the following year. Since the afternoon of his triumph on Lake Black Otter his whole life had changed. He now thought and dreamed only of hockey. He had lost 125 pounds and was down to a fairly trim 150. He was assigned to Room No. 8 in B Dormitory. He hung his suits on the wooden hangers in the closet and put his shirts, beanbags and other things in the dresser with the good mirror. He hung an oilcloth diagram of a hockey goal with six bells on the wall opposite the window. He tacked up some bright posters saying BEAT THE QUEEN in art-nouveau lettering on the walls. He chose the lower bunk for his own, and he was lying there considering his status when in walked a tiny, skinny chap, looking quite frightened.

Pat jumped to his feet and introduced himself. "My name is Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton. My friends nicknamed me Number One. Welcome aboard. What position do you play?"

"I don't play any position," the small chap said nervously.

"I'm a second-year man," said Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton. "You didn't ask, but they call me Number One because I play goal on the hockey team. I'm the best goalie this school has ever seen—except for the great Jim Finger. That's what they tell me. I was the first goalie ever to score a goal. I was the first and only player ever to score against Queen Mary, on the first team ever to beat Queen Mary. Number One, El Numero Uno, get it? Up Coolidge! BEAT THE QUEEN!" he shouted. He danced a crazy jig, ending up with a split. "What's your name?"

"Billy Putnam Rigby. I have no nickname," he added, blushing red at the lie. From babyhood he'd been called everything from Gnat to Mouse to Shrimp.

"Teeny Puny Digby," Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton announced, grinning. He turned and stared out the window. "Great name. Rhymes with Lilliputian Pigmy, rhymes with Peewee Button Twiggy. Is there a lick of the limey in your lineage?"

"My name is not Teeny Puny Digby," Billy stamped his foot in anger. "It's Billy Putnam Rigby! And there's no lick of anything. . . ." The gong bonged.

"See that?" Pat interrupted. "I didn't even twitch. I used to jump at the sound of that hell like a punchy boxer. I'm cured. Follow me," he said. "I'll show you to the horse trough. And remember, no body checking in the dining hall." He gave Billy a curious straight up-and-down look. "And if I were you, I'd run like a rabbit!" he added.

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton had thinned down to one nickname—Number One—and he had a tiny slave to straighten out.

BEAT THE QUEEN!
BEAT THE QUEEN

END

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THE QUEEN'S
ARMY TO THE GLORY



THE ANSWERS: HOW GOOD A LEADER ARE YOU?

1 ♠5 or ♥6-5 ♦K-3 ♣7-1

Whenever declarer has bid two or more suits and dummy has expressed a decided preference for one of them, a trump lead should be strongly considered. Object: to reduce dummy's ruffing power. A club opening might let you collect some fast tricks before declarer can discard. A diamond just might lead to an early ruff.

2 ♥4-5 ♦K-2 ♣Q-2

North's bidding has not shown any great strength, yet he prefers to play for eight tricks at hearts rather than only seven at no trump. Almost certainly he is short in one of the minors. The trump opening is designed to cut down dummy's ruffing ability and protect your potential tricks in the minor suits. Since either minor-suit lead might work out, each receives an identical award.

3 ♥7-5 ♦K-2 ♣K-1

When you have doubled for takeout, partner's election to play for penalties at the one level means that he must have at least as good a trump suit as declarer—especially the kind of trump holding that will be solid once declarer's high trumps are driven out, such as Q-J-10-9-8. His pass is a clear call for a trump opening to prevent declarer from scoring low trumps by ruffing. As for the black kings, the lead to develop a trick is preferable to the lead that may make it easier for declarer to start using his little trumps for ruffing.

4 ♥3-5 ♦8-3 ♣5-1

The heart opening gains if partner can produce any of three missing honors, the spade lead is more apt to give away a trick and will gain only when partner has the queen. If he has the ace there will probably be time to shift to that suit later on. The club lead is less apt to give away a trick and obliges declarer to develop his own winners, but it may cost valuable time.

5 ♦3-5 ♥10-3

Having used Blackwood, the opponents know they have three aces and you can see the fourth. The only chance for your

side to establish a trick is right now. The diamond lead may find partner with the king, establishing a diamond trick for your side before the ace of trumps is knocked out. I'm generous in awarding the "safe" heart lead three points; it is too likely to give declarer time to drive out the spade ace and set up a needed diamond discard.

6 ♦4-5 ♥8-3 ♣4-1

Failing to lead partner's suit indicates a strong suit of your own, and a diamond lead would seem to direct the defense toward its best chance. If you do not lead a diamond, partner might not find the right shift if he decides to look elsewhere. A heart lead shows some respect for partner and might turn out right. A spade lead is imaginative, because a no-trump bid over one major usually denies great interest in the other. Nevertheless, there is danger that a spade lead will present declarer with a vital trick.

7 ♦J-5 ♥6 or ♥5-3 ♣3 or ♣J-1

The opponents' failure to use the Stayman convention to locate a possible major-suit fit hints that responder probably does not have four cards in either major. This means that your partner probably does have at least four cards in spades. With a worthless hand, your best shot is to lead your shortest major. A heart lead offers similar chances. And who is to say that either a diamond or a club lead would never be right? So we give both some compensation.

8 ♣Q-5 ♦2-3 ♥4-1

The lead of a singleton is rarely attractive when it is right into the suit declarer has bid; too often it destroys partner's holding in the suit and gives declarer valuable time. Therefore, the diamond lead goes unrewarded, while the club lead, which may collect two fast tricks, gets a top mark. A trump lead may cost time as well as reduce your own ruffing power. A heart lead gets a point because it is better than the diamond opening, but it may help declarer to discard club losers on dummy's heart suit.

9 ♦4-5 ♣9-3 ♣Q-2 ♠5-1

On this auction it is unlikely that the opponents are wide open for a big set. Nevertheless, partner's conventional double means he believes he has a chance to set the contract if you lead through dummy's first-bid suit. Additionally, he may be trying to warn against your "normal" lead as being least likely to succeed and most likely to cost both time and a trick. The diamond is most probably the lead he is warning against. Hence a club lead gets a higher award than a diamond. However, if you insist on opening a diamond, the queen offers a better chance than a low one.

10 ♥2-5 ♦J-3

If your side can win a trick in the heart suit, you want partner to win it, and you also want to tell him to return a club. He knows you have more than a four-card heart suit, so your lowest card must be a suit-preference signal. Chances are against winning a heart trick, however, so the diamond lead may be an attack in the right direction.

11 ♦10-5 ♦5-3 ♥K-1

After partner's cue-bid in clubs, showing the ace or a void, the only question really is which club should you lead. The 10 gets top award because it confirms that your strength is in the higher of the other side suits and that partner can afford to underlead the ace of hearts to put you back on lead. The 5 of clubs hints at the same message, but the 3 or deuce would strongly suggest to partner that you have a quick reentry in diamonds and therefore scores even lower than the stodgy lead of the king of hearts.

12 ♠8-5 ♦2-3 ♣2-2 ♠5-1

Ruling out the poorer leads in this nightmare choice, a trump gets zero because it may sacrifice a trick, especially since the opponents have not found a trump fit. A diamond lead, dummy's first-bid suit, is most unattractive, as well as dangerous. A club may find partner's strength at once—but it may be the suit in which declarer will have more losers if left to play it himself. That leaves spades, and the 9 gets a higher award be-

continued

2
4
6
8
10
12

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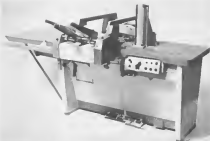
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BRIDGE *continued*

cause it is more deceptive. If declarer finds a possible finesse in the suit, he will probably refuse it, expecting the queen to be in your partner's hand.

13 ♠4-5 ♠J-2 ♠5-1

Partner's slam double requests an unusual lead and probably shows a void, which is most likely, of course, to be in your long suit. The diamond lead, a poor second choice, just might set up a trick for the defense. The award for the spade lead? Oh, well, at least it isn't out of turn, and it's better than a trump lead, which is unthinking and unthinkable.

14 ♠K-5 ♠10-3 ♠5-2

North's bidding has warned partner of probable club weakness; yet South has announced that he is prepared to play no trump against the expected lead of the unbid suit. The cards seem to be well placed for declarer, but you may infer that he is short in spades. A spade lead, therefore, is suggested, and the king receives the top award because it just might trap a singleton queen or jack in declarer's hand. The 10 of spades has the virtue of unblocking the suit. The orthodox 5 of clubs probably won't do much harm, but neither is it likely to be very effective.

15 ♥4-5 ♥9-2 ♥J-1

Whenever you have some length in trumps, you should favor a forcing defense, hoping to establish your own suit before declarer can gain control. This hand has all the ingredients for such a forcing defense. If partner can contribute anything of value in hearts, repeated heart leads may force declarer out of trumps before he can gain control. A diamond lead serves only to reduce the potential of your trump holding, but might be effective if declarer chances to have heart strength. The club lead gets a point because it just might find partner with values there.

16 ♠3-5 ♠4-3 ♠9-1

Yes, good old fourth highest of longest and strongest is best here. Any honor partner can produce in clubs is likely to get your defense off to a good start. A spade lead might find partner's strength but is far riskier. The "safe" diamond lead gets a generous point, in spite of the danger of its telling declarer exactly where the diamond honors are.

17 ♠10-7 ♠3-3 ♥2-1

The rule of eleven (deducting partner's 6 from 11, telling you that there are five cards higher than the 6 missing from his hand) indicates that declarer still has three high hearts in his hand, so pursuit of the setting tricks in the heart suit is probably futile. Furthermore, the bidding reveals that partner cannot hold more than about five high-card points, and if these are all in hearts the situation is hopeless. Dummy's 9 of spades prompts you to shift to the 10 of that suit, hoping to find partner with the queen and to trap declarer's jack. That return wins you a bonus award because the unseen hands are.

WEST	SOUTH
♠ Q 6 2	♠ A J 4
♥ K 10 7 6 3	♥ Q J 8 4
♦ 7 5	♦ A Q 10 3
♣ 8 4 2	♣ K 5

The return of the spade 10 limits South to a single stopper in that suit and defeats the contract. The low spade might succeed in some cases and gets a generous award. The point for returning partner's suit is a reward for touching faith and confidence.

18 ♠J-7 ♠2-3 any other ♠-1

You know your partner has a singleton spade (we assume that from 9-8-5 he would not have led the 5), but one ruff will not be enough to stop the game. You must try to pave the way for your side's fourth trick by returning your singleton club. You will step up with the ace on the first trump lead, then give partner his ruff and expect him to do the same for you. The return of the 2 of spades to suggest a club return after partner ruffs has some merit—but partner is unlikely to get in again or to be able to ruff another spade by the time you get back in. Any other spade gets a point because it may, at least, prevent an overtrick, and because I'm giving you one more opportunity to climb into a higher-scoring category.

The unseen hands

WEST	SOUTH
♠ 5	♠ J 9 8
♥ 8 3	♥ K J 10 9 2
♦ K 10 9 7 6	♦ Q
♣ 9 8 5 2 2	♣ A K 10 7

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (3-1)
2. KANSAS (3-1)
3. CINCINNATI (4-0)

"There will be fewer real strong teams this season because everybody's going to be up and down," said Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons in an early season appraisal. "Boys seem to have a lot on their minds besides playing ball. It takes something every day for a coach to get 'em to go. I've talked to other coaches and we all have the same problem." Against TCU, which had beaten his Chiefs the week before, Lemons trailed by 15 points as he shuffled all 10 of his players "till we found the five who could play for us." The five came back for an 80-84 victory.

Marquette's Al McGuire had his own theory about ups and downs. "Flu is going to have a lot to do with what happens to teams in the next few weeks," he said, but his hypothesis seemed to be working in reverse. Despite their health, his Warriors were upset by Drake 68-63. Then, after McGuire and several of his players had been stricken by flu, the Warriors scored Denver 81-70.

Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor also lost a bout with the flu, but, like Marquette, his Beeskeys won their on-court war by downing Harvard 89-74. Other Big Ten teams had moderate success. Illinois won twice, pressing North Dakota into 16 first-half turnovers and then outrebounding Iowa State 56-34. Rick Mount scored 71 points as Purdue knocked off Butler and Ohio U. Northwestern stopped its stand-around tactics and hustled to an 83-66 victory over previously unbeaten Colorado. Iowa, though, was a two-time loser. Wichita State, with Ron Washington pumping in 30 points, took care of the Hawkeyes 93-88, and then surprisingly strong Drake used a half-court press and tossed in 18 straight points to hand Iowa an 89-74 setback. Western Kentucky ended Michigan State's four-game win streak, 67-63.

Cincinnati's Jim And came through with one of the finest all-round performances of the season, scoring 21 points, grabbing 15 rebounds and blocking 10 shots as the Bearcats struggled past Miami of Ohio 56-48.

If Louisville Coach John Droho had not been prodded into starting Bill Perkins, his team's winning streak might not have lasted. For weeks, Louisville fans had pleaded with Droho to start 6' 9" sophomore Perkins. Droho resisted—until he faced Oxyton, conqueror of Portland and Miami of Ohio. Perkins did not play very long, but he did block several key shots as the Cardinals won 84-69. Of even more help in boosting Louisville's record to 5-0 were Butch Beard (23 points, seven assists) and Mike Grosso (21 points and 19 rebounds). Grosso was even more effective against SMU. Grabbing 19 rebounds and screening for his teammates (but mostly Beard, who scored 35 points), he led the Cardinals to a 79-73 win.

EAST

1. VILLANOVA (4-0)
2. LA SALLE (4-0)
3. COLUMBIA (4-0)

McGuire's flu theory also worked in reverse as La Salle beat Niagara 88-73. Roland Taylor of the Explorers, against whom Calvin Murphy of the Purple Eagles scored 52 points last season, was out with the flu. But Frank Ounphy was in his place, becoming the chaser in Coach Tom Gola's box-and-one defense. He hounded Murphy, who missed 16 of 24 shots and matched his career low of 24 points. Also absent from La Salle's lineup was Larry Cannon, who had been averaging 22 points a game. He missed the team bus and was benched by Gola.

The St. Bonaventure-Toledo game was delayed 15 minutes while Referee Pete Horan, hit by a flying elbow, had nine stitches taken to close a gash over his eye. When play resumed, it was Bob Lanier of the Bonnies who was the real eye-opener: he scored 40 points, including 14 straight, in an 85-75 win. Lanier has been on target with 52 of 73 tries (71%) in four games. "I have never seen a better-shooting big man," said Villanova Scout Ducey Moore. "His touch is fantastic."

Earlier, in a Madison Square Garden doubleheader, Toledo ended Western Kentucky's five-game winning streak 88-65 and Rutgers thrashed St. Louis 91-67. Said Western's John Oldham: "We're just country boys. We got sunburned tonsils looking up at the tall buildings." Jim McDaniels, the Hilltoppers' 7' center who takes some looking up to himself, was classically immobile. In the first half he put in only one of nine shots. He sank seven more in the second half, but by then it was too late. One visiting team that had no trouble was Kentucky. The Wildcats sank their first 31 field goal attempts, 11 consecutive foul shots and breezed past Penn 102-78.

Terry Driscoll of Boston College scored 35 points, but Coach Bob Cousy's Eagles were guilty of 26 turnovers against Villanova and lost 78-68. Fordham and Oquessone won twice to bring their records to 5-0, while Columbia, Army and Providence stretched their streaks to 4-0.

SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (4-0)
2. KENTUCKY (3-1)
3. DAVIDSON (3-0)

Those throbbing heads and quaking knees experienced by many coaches were not symptomatic of the Hong Kong flu but rather of the Southern Upset, which struck in epidemic proportions. No one suffered more than Vic Bubbs of Duke. First it was Michigan, a 90-80 winner. Bubbs felt ill. Then Virginia, which had not beaten the Blue Devils in a decade, harassed them into 26 turnovers and an 81-75 defeat. Bubbs felt worse. Finally, East Tennessee beat Duke 71-63. Bubbs ached all over.

Previously unbeaten Bradley, West Virginia, Florida State and Memphis State all lost. Murray State stopped the Braves 66-63, while the Mountaineers, who rarely lose at home, were upset by Richmond 80-79. Virginia Tech used a pressing defense to surprise the Seminoles, who had averaged 108 points in three wins, 77-74. And Union (Tenn.) shocked the Tigers 61-53 as 5' 7" David Marsh put on a fine exhibition of shooting (16 points) and ball handling. West Virginia Wesleyan, loser of 33 in a row, came out on top at long last, defeating Salem 91-88.

Less surprising but more impressive was George Washington, a team that won only five times all last season. Bob Tallent scored 78 points as the Colonials stopped VMI, Georgetown and William and Mary to bring their record this season to 6-0.

Favorites who prevailed were North Carolina, which beat Vanderbilt 100-78, and Tennessee, which came from behind to take the Volunteer Classic with a 54-41 victory over Southern Illinois.

WEST

1. UCLA (3-0)
2. NEW MEXICO (5-0)
3. SANTA CLARA (5-0)

A dynamite blast that diverted the Rio Grande River and suddenly transformed 437 disputed acres of Texas into Mexican territory was not the only thud in the Lone Star State. Others came when Houston lost to Santa Clara in the Cable Car Classic (page 20), New Mexico State gave Baylor its first loss of the season 69-58 and New Mexico rallied in the closing minutes to stop Texas-El Paso 65-61.

Despite 43 points and 50 rebounds by Marvin Roberts, Utah State lost two of three. One victory, Wyoming (4-0), won 89-72 as Guard Bob Wilson fed off superbly and cracked the Aggies' on-again-off-again press. Stan Dadds dropped in 13 of 14 shots as the Cowboys defeated Idaho State 84-75. Two other hot shooters were Vic Bartolome, who sank eight of 13 tries, and Gary Freeman, who made seven of 11, as Oregon State downed St. Mary's 63-51. In three games Bartolome has made good on 28 of 37 tries (76%), Freeman on 23 of 36 (64%). ■

The annual Rose Bowl football game is what the TV boys like to call "the granddaddy of them all"—the most celebrated of all New Year's Day classics. But there was a time, right in the beginning, when football almost ruined Pasadena's famed Tournament of Roses. What saved it was chariot racing!

The purpose of having an athletic contest at all was simply to provide a sort of grand climax to a round of parties and parades, but in the first football game at the bowl in 1902 Michigan polished off Stanford 49-0, spoiling the whole day for the local fans. Polo was tried for a year, but that proved an even greater disaster than football. It was far too recondite and refined for the Californians. What they wanted was something simple yet sanguinary, and these were exactly the qualities the committee found in General Lew Wallace's novel about chariot racing.

Today everybody knows about Ben-Hur, lover, statesman, patriot and, most famously, the daring chariot driver who was to prove the ideal for generations of New York cab drivers. His triumph came one day at the Circus in Antioch when, in a wheel-to-wheel duel with a villain named Messala, old Ben's chariot collided with Messala's. Messala was thrown under his chariot, and his horses proceeded to drag him around the track, stripping him of much valuable hide and perfectly delighting all Romans out to gladden their hearts with a good bloodletting. All this had been suddenly brought to new light in a Broadway play—so, thought the Rose committee, what's good for New York and Antioch just might be good for Southern California. So why not a chariot race? That's how it came to be that on New Year's Day 1904 two men donned togas and headbands, fixed their chariots behind two teams of four horses each and, with a nod to history, set out before all their neighbors to decide the championship of the first annual Tournament of Roses chariot race.

One of the racers that day was a member of the tournament committee, Ed Off by name, a novice horseman who was destined to be remembered as chariot racing's Man of La Mancha. The other, a thin man with a modest mustache and an honest-to-goodness But Masterson cane with a gold knob, had been around horses all his life. His name

Ben-Hur Played the Rose Bowl

Football was a flop at the Tournament of Roses in 1902, so to save the day they got a livelier sport: Roman chariot racing **by BILLY REED**

was Mack Wiggins, the second son of a Big Valley sort of family that was more or less typical of the hard-working, hard-drinking, hard-playing people who lived around Pasadena.

Mack's forefathers were from Kentucky, where his maternal grandfather did Daniel Boone things like wrestling bears. His father, T. J. Wiggins, and his mother, the former Ellen Vise, had gone West in covered wagons and finally settled in El Monte, where they took up farming and rearing children. The children—three of them, anyway—took up chariot racing long before the bowl committee thought of it.

The protocol of American chariot racing at the turn of the century called for the competitors to circle the track at least once to the tune of a drum roll, finally moving side by side as they passed the starting line. Once the race began it was every man for himself. Sometimes the chariots locked wheels, Ben-Hur style, as they battled around the track. In one race a horse died when the tongue of a chariot broke and plunged through his chest. "They drove 'em just like the Romans used to," recalls Mack Wiggins' nephew Edwin, who still lives in El Monte, Calif.

By the time Mack Wiggins and Ed Off started their Rose festival circling at the old Tournament Park (now the site of the more prosaic California Institute of Technology), the crowd had swelled in an estimated 6,500, more than three times the number that had watched polo the year before.

"Everybody bet," says Edwin Wiggins. "And remember, a dollar meant a lot in those days." Those who backed Off went home broke. Showing the form and skill he had developed in lesser races at San Bernardino and El Monte, Wiggins charged home an easy winner, to become the first Rose Bowl Chariot Champion.

But the quixotic Off was back to try

again the following year. The race was momentarily delayed while gopher holes in the track were filled. Came race time, Off took an early lead over hotel man D. M. Linnard, but he soon lost control of his team and had to hang on for dear life. When his rampaging horses finally were brought under control, Off staggered out of his chariot and reeled up to take a bow before the first Rose Queen, Hallie Woods. Just then his rubbery legs gave way, and Off fell flat on his face before Her Majesty.

Undaunted, the redoubtable Off was back at it still another year. This time he again lost control of his team, which continued unchecked after passing the finish line. Off was unceremoniously dumped when one horse fell, upsetting the chariot. Unfortunately he incurred injuries serious enough to force his retirement from a sport for which he had never shown any great aptitude.

The winner that year (1906) was a hired hand named C. C. West. He wore a long, flowing cloak decorated with the Maltese cross of famed sportsman Lucky Baldwin. His win was a victory for professionalism, but the beginning of the end for Tournament of Roses chariot racing.

As early as 1909—although attendance reached 20,000, indicating that interest was high—it was apparent that Pasadena's chariot races were dying a slow death. Horse racing had recently been banned in California, making it difficult to find fast horses capable of pulling a chariot. Then, too, the cost had become so prohibitive—an estimated \$5,000 to train a team for just one day's racing—that few besides Lucky Baldwin could afford it.

Baldwin was a swashbuckler, a stocky man with a mustache, known widely as the King of the Valley. His fortune had been made in the gold and silver fields, and now it was manifested in all sorts of extravagances: a private winery, a

continued

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Stein Eriksen

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Ben-Hur continued

private train, even a private racetrack. Santa Anita was once Baldwin's Santa Anita ranch. Neroesque entertainment like chariot racing was Baldwin's bag. He hired a driver, West, and put a wad of money into a fine team of horses. Bringing over a party of friends each New Year's Day, Baldwin watched his team win first in 1906, then again in 1908 after a rival driver was disqualified. By 1909 he had so cornered the market and cowed the opposition that only one challenger appeared. That one was flicked off in a breeze.

Interest waned to such a degree that in 1913, in a revival effort, the tournament committee added an ostrich race and a race between a camel and an elephant to the show, but it didn't help. Death of the competition was assured in 1915, when the ill-starred Ed Off made the mistake of declaring it immortal. "Pasadena is now the recognized home of chariot racing," said Ed in his kiss of death. "The sport, as presented here, appeals strongly to the crowds." That year the Tournament of Roses sponsored its last chariot race. "The horse-and-buggy days were just about over," says Edwin Wiggins. "People were turning to the automobile."

By then Stanford's 49-0 humiliation at the hands of Michigan was all but forgotten. The young people growing up around Pasadena were either less robust than their elders or more inclined to want their sport on a sophisticated level. In any case, football staged a comeback in 1916 and a triumphant one, at that. Washington State best Brown 14-0 in a pouring rain, and stories of the game were carried in almost every major newspaper in the country. With the nation's attention riveted on Pasadena, football and the Tournament of Roses formed a union that has endured to this day.

Meanwhile the center of chariot racing gravitated north to Pocatello, Idaho, where the world series of chariot racing is still held every year. Last March 104 two-horse chariot teams competed in four divisions, and about 5,000 of the city's 42,000 population attended. Of course, times have changed. An average chariot today might be made from a 50-gallon oil drum and Honda tires. Whatever the material, it's still chariot racing and you know that somewhere the Wiggins brothers and Ed Off are smiling and nodding approvingly. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SERIOUS CINCINNATI

Sirs:

I have just finished reading your article (*Serious Contenders for a Funny City*, Dec. 9) about the Cincinnati Royals and Cincinnati. I am a Cincinnati resident presently attending Harvard Business School and have followed the Royals for many years.

I will agree that winning is the name of the game in sports and attendance should follow. Since the Royals and Pepper Wilson have been in Cincinnati, they have had many losing campaigns with only a few highlights (Jack Twyman and Oscar Robertson, to name two). In recent years there has been dissonance on the club and noticeable groping and half-effort from the so-called superstar Jerry Lucas. I'm only too afraid he has never lived up to the image your magazine painted early in the 1960s. The Royals, i.e., Pepper Wilson, have been particularly inept (until last year) at trading, giving away many good players and draft choices for failures. To find the reason for the poor attendance, Wilson need only look in the mirror. As a person who wants the people to come to basketball games, Mr. Wilson's tact leaves much to be desired. It is my belief that as soon as the Royals indicate that they can win consistently with a good team effort, then the people of Cincinnati will support them.

As for supporting the Bengals, they are presently playing in Nippert Stadium, which is not the best for viewing football games. The Bengals have played very well for a new club and have been supported much better than your article indicates.

One reason for the Reds' poor attendance is that Crosley Field is the smallest stadium in the majors. A second reason is that they lost many games they should have won due to poor pitching. The Reds are young and have a great chance at future National League pennants.

The people of Cincinnati look forward to 1970 when the Reds and Bengals will play in the new riverfront stadium and when they both will be contenders for the championship—and we'll see where the Royals are.

WILLIAM W. COWGILL

Watertown, Mass.

Sirs:

If Frank Deford believes that victory has departed from the University of Cincinnati, he has been in hibernation for eight years. Cincinnati won back-to-back NCAA championships in 1961 and 1962 and was beaten in overtime in the championship game in 1963, all without Oscar

ROBERT P. BACHFELD

Cincinnati

DRINK UP

Sirs:

As much as I would like to see Edwin Shraake's friend Max recover fully, I feel that he was done an injustice (*A Champagne Party for Joe and Werh*, Dec. 9). Mr. Shraake would have informed Max that although the Jets managed to get as far as the Super Bowl, they were sadly outmatched by the tough Baltimore defense. Remember that roughing-the-passer play in which Bubba Smith creamed Joe Willie? Well, what really happened was that Big Bud Bubba fell on poor Joe Willie and sprained his throwing arm. Excuse John Unitas then proceeded to lead Baltimore to a 35-17 win. If Mr. Shraake doubts my hypothetical conclusion to his story, I have a \$50 bill that I've been saving and . . .

BOB RAMSEY

Lake Ronkonkomi, N.Y.

Sirs:

I submit that Edwin Shraake would have as much trouble finding "thousands of tiny mean fellows with poison-tipped arrows" in Brazil's Mato Grosso as the New York Jets would have in a game against Baltimore. The Mato Grosso is a practically unexplored part of Brazil, but it is not a tropical rain-forest region. Rather, it is a savanna, similar to parts of East Africa. The sparsely inhabited Mato Grosso contains several interesting types of people, but the headhunters are all in the tropical Amazon country.

Shraake's story was entertaining, however, and I hope SI will consider additional forays into the realm of fantasy.

SETH A. DAVIS

Middletown, Conn.

FIGHTY PROBLEM

Sirs:

Coles Phinzy's article (*The Sharks Are Moving In*, Dec. 9) was a fascinating one. I, for one, am glad that your magazine brings to the public's attention problems such as these. I only hope that further attention will be brought to the proper authorities before additional tragedies occur.

STUART J. VEEGER

Syracuse, N.Y.

PAR VALUE

Sirs:

We are concerned with the hypothetical question of whether, if a pro golfer shot even par (never above or below) in each pro tournament, he would be the leading money winner on the pro circuit. If not the leading money winner, what would his standing be among the money winners for the season? This question has caused consid-

erable debate, and we would be most appreciative of an answer to it.

GEORGE HENRY TEMPLE

JOHN CAROTHERS III

ADDISON MAUPIN V

Carrboro, N.C.

● In last year's tournaments, he would have finished 11th in the money.—ED.

COOL CUP OF TEA

Sirs:

This letter is in regard to the article *Tea and Shivers in Glasboro* by Pat Ryan, which appeared in the Dec. 9 issue.

It appears that women's athletics are vastly underrated. Pat Ryan has defaced and humiliated field hockey as a form of women's competition. The tone of the article emphasizes injury and sheer nonsense in the sport itself. No mention is given to the advanced degree of individual skill, body control and team strategy that is necessary for H players to work efficiently as one unit.

Certainly control is reduced somewhat when weather conditions are unfavorable. Yet, a men's football writer will comment on the beauty of a well-executed play in pattern sequence even if it is running "in a frigid downpour" for the entire game. I would hardly call this an objective article, rather a personal comment reported from an untrained eye and unfortunately exposed to many, many readers.

As a physical education instructor, I find the profession has a grave responsibility to educate not only children and young adults, but also sportswriters.

GERALDINE KIMMICH

Geneva, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your field-hockey article implied that injury ran rampant and that fractures and bruises were commonplace. The truth of the matter is that almost all of the 275 participants returned to studying, homemaking, teaching or job responsibilities the Monday after Thanksgiving with nothing more than memories of games well played embedded in their minds. Very few players sustained even minor injuries at Glasboro, as a matter of fact, the young "red-headed warrior" shown at the top did not even participate in the tournament. She was merely a spectator.

Please continue to cover women's sports, but next time forsake the sensationalism and concentrate on the aspects of the contest that reflect the expertise of play and the exhilarating spirit of true amateur sport.

FRANK BECKER KOENIG

U.S. Women's Olympic

Basketball Committee

New York City

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